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THE
GUARDIAN:

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

REV. B. BAUSMAN, D.D., Editor.

VOL. XXIX. 1878.

PHILADELPHIA :
PUBLISHED BY THE REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.
1878.



Vol. XXIX

JULY, 1878.

No. 7.

—
“LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE.”
—

THE
GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO THE

*SUNDAY SCHOOL CAUSE AND THE SOCIAL, LITERARY,
AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS*

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

—
Rev. B. Bausman, D.D., Editor.
—

PHILADELPHIA:
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
No. 907 Arch Street.

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E. Powers, Rev. J. G. Zahner, D. D., S. M. Moyer, J. Albangh, Emma Hahn, J. N. Kline, G. McDonald, F. L. Maus, G. T. Palmer, W. S. Rodarmel, G. Reiter, M. Hillegass, A. Boyer, A. P. Walter.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The "Guardian" will hereafter be mailed to subscribers by means of Dick's patent Mailer. Hence the date to which they have paid will invariably accompany the name. Accordingly, the acknowledgment of monies received will hereafter be discontinued. Each subscriber can know exactly how his account stands. Those who are in arrears will please forward the amount due without delay. Address

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,

907 Arch Street Philadelphia.

The Guardian.

VOL. XXIX.

JULY, 1878.

NO. 7.

"THE GOLDEN SHORE" is the title of a new Sunday-school book placed on our table. Accompanying the book is a printed puff of it, which the publisher evidently expects us to father. This card wishes us to say that this "promises to be one of the most popular singing books in America." It does not deserve this, and we do not believe that it will become such, and therefore we cannot say so. He says "it should be in every family in the land;" we say it should not. He thinks that "there is a demand for something new;" and as the "work is entirely new," therefore everybody ought to buy it. For that very reason we cannot commend it. The man who ignores the past labors in this department, is unfit to prepare such a work. Not all, but much that is old, has stood the test of many years. Novelty is not always a certain criterion of merit; and a work which bases its claim to public favor on its new, untried contents, does a very unwise thing. He says, "the words have been selected with the greatest care," which we will not dispute, only we are sorry that the book is very defective in a positive devotional point of view. Whilst it contains some excellent hymns, many others are mere subjective soliloquies about different subjects, instead of affording devotional language and sentiments, suitable to be addressed to God as acts of worship. We do not regard this a good music book for Sunday-schools, and a sense of duty constrains us to say so. The few old hymns and tunes retained are mostly good; the bulk of the new ones are not.

Many publishers now send their printed puffs along with their books to the newspapers. To save labor, doubtless, many reviewers and editors adopt these ready-made puffs as their own. The unsuspecting readers take it for granted that the person who recommends the work has read it himself, and knows whereof he

speaks. Whereas he simply repeats the publisher's puff. This renders many of the book notices in periodicals not only worthless, but positively injurious. For many thus mislead their readers, and by their blind commendations become a party to a system of deception. The reviewer of books ought to have a personal knowledge of their contents, and give his opinion accordingly. Otherwise, he may unwittingly help to circulate worthless and pernicious publications, and thus aid the cause of immorality. By this we do not wish to say that there is any thing positively immoral in the teachings of the above work; only that it is not a good Sunday-school music book.

THE old heathen poets held that Cupid, the so-called god of love, was blind. And although Cupid was only a creature of fancy, and not a god, it really seems true, that a certain kind of love makes some people as blind as a bat. A smooth-spoken deceiver, with a foppish exterior, can deceive many young ladies, who otherwise possess sound judgment and worth. Under the spell of blind infatuation they heed not the advice of parents and friends until it is too late. The world is full of misery, which people have thus brought upon themselves, who have married in haste, and thereafter repented at leisure. After they have been robbed of their peace, and perhaps of their virtue, the vile robber roams at large to try his art elsewhere, whilst his victim spends the rest of her days in bewailing her folly. We warn our readers against these villainous men who go about to deceive and ruin the unguarded. Trust no young man of whose character, habits and history you are ignorant. The following, given by a newspaper, is but one of the many cases of this kind constantly occurring:

"The girl who runs away with a coachman and brings disgrace upon her wealthy parents, has broken out in Iowa. This girl, like all her renowned predecessors in this specialty, is handsome, intelligent, attractive, refined, and a good many other things, and she was desperately in love with her aunt's coachman. She ran away with him, which is the usual thing, and her father ran after them, which is also the usual thing, but he caught them before they were married, which is altogether unusual, and spoils some of the romance of the affair. The coachman was taken in charge by some detectives who had been looking after him for some months, he being one of the most notorious thieves and burglars in the West. This will probably cure this particular young woman, but the lesson will be lost upon the average of her sex. A coachman who has seen something of the world, or a music teacher or a dancing master can go around marrying these handsome young daughters of rich men on sight, as long as rich men take the trouble to bring up handsome and accomplished daughters who don't know any better."

JOHN MORRISSEY died May 1st. He was born in Ireland, of poor parents. He started life as a day laborer, then became a noted prize-fighter or pugilist, a saloon-keeper, the famous founder of more gambling hells than any man in America. After such an ignoble reputation, he became a successful politician, a member of the New York Legislature and of Congress. He had no education. It is said that he made \$800,000 in two years at his gambling business. For nearly a year he has been an invalid and a sufferer. Through his money and personal influence he had a strong following. The rowdies and roughs in New York form a large party. Like Tweed, he was a leader and representative of such. As sometimes happens with rogues, he affected to be honest—was by some called "an honest (?) gambler." His friends say that some years he gave \$25,000 to charity. A strange kind of charity, in sooth, which he supported with stolen money.

One of the saddest peculiarities of our national life is that men like Tweed and Morrissey are promoted to honor and

office. They are the mire and dirt cast up from the troubled sea of political agitation. These men have gone to their last account. They were the exponents and types of the most corrupt elements of our social and political age. Truth and virtue require that we brand their memory with merited abhorrence and condemnation. The safety of the Republic and Religion demands that neither by vote or otherwise, we support a person, in any party, for any office, however insignificant, who is a slave to vice, a gambler, a thief, a drunkard, a debaucher—a practical or theoretical enemy of a pure and undefiled religion. Morrissey, too, in his later years, was ashamed of his fighting and gambling notoriety. He is said to have advised young men not to gamble, and sought to train his son to a more honorable calling, whilst he himself continued his infamous practices. He is said to have died poor—a wreck in fortune, in body and in spirit.

A friend sends us the following on the use and abuse of the editorial *we*:

DEAR SIR:—The February number of the GUARDIAN puts the question, whether it is proper for correspondents of periodicals to use the first person plural in speaking of themselves, and asks others to assist in answering it. The following passage, bearing on the point in question, taken from Coleridge, will carry with it more weight than the opinion of a young unknown reader, and is sent with the hope of its being of service to the GUARDIAN in its efforts to remove some of the annoying egotistic feelings which writers and speakers often attempt to conceal by employing, instead of the more eloquent and appropriate *I*, the editorial *we*.

He says: "It has ever been my opinion, that an excessive solicitude to avoid the use of our first personal pronoun, more often has its source in conscious selfishness than in true self-oblivion. A quiet observer of human follies may often amuse or sadden his thoughts by detecting a perpetual feeling of purest egotism through a long masquerade of disguises, the half of which, had old Proteus been master of as many, would have wearied out the patience of Menelaus. I say patience only: for it would

ask more than the simplicity of Polypheme, with his one eye extinguished, to be deceived by so poor a repetition of *nobody*." A. S. W.

The Meeting of the General Synod.

BY THE EDITOR.

God's people are engaged in important work. They must needs meet and consult as to the best methods for performing it. These meetings have been held since the days of the apostles. The proceedings of the first one, held in Jerusalem, are reported in Acts 15. Those earnest early Christians happened to differ on a few points; as Christians differ now. Paul, Peter, James, John, Barnabas and others had a controversy. Perhaps each was tempted to think he only was right, and those differing from him wrong. Their discussions waxed warm, and threatened to disturb the peace of the Church. At length they agreed to meet at Jerusalem, near Gethsemane and Calvary, to pray and consult over the matter. They found that, after all, their differences were not so serious. About "necessary things" they were all of one mind. A few points they neither approved nor rejected, but left them open questions, to be settled as the Spirit and Providence of God might direct in the future. The proceedings were sent by chosen men to Antioch and other places. They close with the words: *Fare ye well*.

In the middle of May last the General Synod of our Reformed Church met in Lancaster, Pa. The place and the season were well chosen. The quiet, staid old capital of this garden county, seemed unusually charming. To me it annually becomes more attractive. For as we advance in years, the associations and scenes of our childhood regain the fond endearments of our early years. The first Reformed Church, too, was a fitting place for such an assembly. The mother of Reformed Churches in this city, founded one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty years ago, together with her three daughters, dispensed her genial hospitality to more than two hundred guests with maternal grace.

The Councils of the early Church were always convened at places specially fitted. In every instance there were special reasons why a certain place was preferred to all others. Thus it was with Constantinople, Chalcedon, Ephesus, Nice, Trent, and many other places. All of them were geographical, commercial, ecclesiastical or historical centres. For similar reasons large representative bodies of this kind now select localities with special reference to their peculiar fitness. I can now see why Divine Providence directed the Church to hold this meeting in Lancaster, where her oldest College and Seminary are located. Equally fitting is it that the next meeting of this body should be held in Tiffin, Ohio, where similar institutions of the Reformed Church in the West have their home. At these two institutions the most of the living ministers of the Reformed Church have been educated.

The GUARDIAN is not the reporter of synodical proceedings. Yet some of the scenes witnessed in this body our young readers may find pleasure to look at. One was a love-feast. Our Church, like all other bodies of the kind, has had its controversies. One has perplexed the minds of her people for twenty-five years. Earnest and learned men took sides in the vigorous discussion of certain doctrines. Others sided with them. For a while the controversy waxed warm. As with the apostles: "There was much disputing." Gradually the din of battle diminished. Disputed points seemed to be in the process of adjustment. A weariness of strife and a longing for greater harmony seemed to have taken possession of all hearts, albeit unknown as to its extent. At an evening session, Dr. C. Z. Weiser presented a paper to the Synod proposing measures for the adjusting of controverted points, and the restoration of good-will. During the reading of it the large congregation was subdued into solemn silence. Many a one wondered whether this would be a firebrand or an olive branch of peace. By request it was read the second time. "Read it in German," some said.

"Will the German Secretary please translate the paper?"

"My writing is hard to read," replied the author.

"Will you please translate it yourself," said the President.

Dr. Weiser gave the substance of the paper in German, spiced with his characteristic quaintness.

The proposition met with a sincere response in every heart. A pause, an impressive hush succeeded. A young brother from Ohio arose, his voice trembling with emotion, and expressed the joy the paper afforded him. Then followed many others, delegates from remote parts of the Church, and those who for years had differed, and engaged in many a doctrinal battle; all expressed themselves weary of strife, and desirous of adjusting matters by more amicable and fraternal methods than had hitherto been employed. God through His Holy Spirit seemed to have taken possession of every heart. Many were too much moved to speak. All hearts were touched, all minds saw new light.

Not a word was said against the paper. It was adopted by a rising vote, with every delegate in its favor. The following evening a plan was adopted for the carrying out of its provisions. A commission is to be appointed, its members to be elected by the district Synods. This body is to hold its meetings in Harrisburg, Pa., in November, 1879. It is to take into consideration the points still in controversy, and report to the next meeting of the General Synod in May, 1881. Absolute agreement on all points cannot be expected. On open questions liberty is to be given for conscientious differences of opinion. There is to be unity in essentials and charity in all things.

On the second evening the members of Synod seemed to be subdued by a supernatural presence. Like kindred drops of water all hearts seemed blended into one. Dr. Külling led in a German and Dr. Bomberger in an English prayer. Scarcely had the vast congregation joined the latter in an audible Amen, when Dr. N. Gehr, of Philadelphia, doubtless moved by the Spirit of God, called out: "Brüder, lasset uns singen,

hymn, rang out in thrilling melody, whose waves flooded the large building, and overpowered all hearts. Every word told, every syllable seemed expressly composed for this occasion. The hymn has but one stanza.

"Die wir uns hier beisamen finden,
Schlagen unsre Hände ein,
Uns auf Deine Marter zu verbinden,
Dir auf ewig treu zu sein;
Und zum zeichen, dass dies Lobgetöne
Deinem Herzen angenehm und schöne,
Sage: Amen! und zugleich
Friede, Friede sei mit euch!"

The words I can give, but not the inspiration and impression of the occasion. English brethren, who understood not the language, said they had never heard nor seen the like. One brother remarked that he had been present at the uniting of the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches, but thought the scene witnessed there could not be compared with this. Of course this is simply the beginning of a better day. The controversies of the past have had their mission. Certain principles had to be tested, certain points to be cleared up. In the performance of such work personal feelings and relations are always more or less affected. Old friendships cool; supposed or real wrongs sever tender ties. Mutual distrust takes the place of concord. Points of difference are emphasized, points of agreement are undervalued and left too much out of sight, until Paul and Barnabas, for a season socially separate. Each may be equally conscientious and sincere. Again they meet and love, and agree where they can, and beyond that they charitably differ as brethren. Thus in our case, the passions, prejudices and misunderstandings, unavoidable in earnest controversy, have given place to mutual confidence and Christian love. Now, in prayerful calmness and cordial intercourse we hope to join hands in Christian effort, and work out problems still unsolved, as loving brethren in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Synod, representing the whole Reformed Church in the United States, admonishes pastors, congregations and the teachers and leaders of Sunday Schools to publish and practice the glad tidings of peace. Christ is the healer of

'Die wir uns hier beisamen finden.'"

With that the full hearts of about one hundred persons, familiar with the

disension and strife, the unifier of all hearts. He prayed, and still prays that we "all may be one." In proportion as Christ, in His life and atoning or *one-making* death, is held up before the hearts and minds of the children and youth will true lasting love and peace reign in their hearts. The GUARDIAN herewith exhorts all within the range of its influence, according to the measure of their ability, to carry into effect the instructions of this highest body of our Reformed Church; not to dwell too much on minor points of difference, but to lay constant stress on penitent faith in Christ, and on the solemn importance of personal piety and personal salvation. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces." "And let all the people say, Amen."

Dr. Harbaugh—Thirty Years Ago.

BY O. N. WORDEN.

While in Lewisburg MR. HARBAUGH was peculiarly the shepherd of the poor and lowly, and promoted their temporal as well as their spiritual interests. His congregation took high and unchanging ground for total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and his only opponents—hardly to be called enemies—were those whose gains he diminished by his bold and determined efforts to keep from their bars men who had not courage and self-control to abstain from principle.

On the decease of Daniel Duratt, a blind man, Mr. Harbaugh composed the following characteristic stanzas, (the first I knew of his poetical efforts), for the *Lewisburg Chronicle*. Perhaps no one but myself now recognizes him as the author, and believing they will interest his many friends, I submit them for the consideration of his successor in the pastorate of Lewisburg, and in the editorship of THE GUARDIAN.

THE OLD BLIND MAN IS DEAD!

Feeling, with cane, the pavement up and down
In this our goodly, civil, growing town,
For many years to old and young was known
An old blind man.

His step was cautious, slow; his frame was bent;
His hair was gray, his countenance content;
For plain it was, the oil of life was spent
With that old man.

On Monday evening last, behold he died!
How old? Past seventy-two, the bell replied,
In solemn tone, and slow—and many sighed
For that blind man.

For that poor man, will any people care?
Yes—at the door, see! what a crowd is there,
And decent, mournful hearse is come to bear
The old blind man.

We took him up, and with the tolling bell
Our silent, mournful tread accorded well,
Till down we laid into the narrow cell
The old blind man.

Then to the house of prayer we went to hear
The word of God, which warned us to prepare
That we at last the blessed death might share
Of that blind man.

And did he live in vain? No! not so fast,
Ye who in haste did often rush him past,
Bent hard on gain—he'll count you out at last—
That blind old man.

In him we all read patience, and could see
Good reason why quite thankful we should be
For sight—which God had 'rest, you see,
From that old man.

You, man of wealth—I know in your own eyes
You do extol yourself, up to the skies,
But you are not indeed so rich, nor yet so wise
As was that man.

You, sinners, too, of every class—rude and
polite,
In guilt well read—in evil perfect quite;
You'll need some "oil" in death's dark night
From that old man.

Farewell! green be the grass and sweet the
flowers!
Gently descend, ye summer dews and showers,
Upon his grave! mourn not, autumnal bowers,
For that blind man!
EDWIN.

These reminiscences of Henry Harbaugh—thirty years ago—are all I recall, of public interest, respecting that honored man. "Thirty years ago" is a short sentence, quickly written and read; but O, how much is contained in the time between 1848 and 1878! Its follies and sins may be repented of, but cannot be recalled. May the next thirty years be more wisely, more beneficially employed by all my readers, than the past! Some of them may survive the three coming decades—but among them, in all probability, will not be O. N. WORDEN.

New Milford, Susquehanna Co., Pa.,
April 27, 1878.

A parson, in the course of some remarks in a prayer meeting, having several times observed that he should never forget the dying words of his brother, the pastor suggested that it might be well for him to repeat them; whereupon, with some hesitation, and scratching of his head, he said that they had slipped his mind.

Memories and Musings on the General Synod.

BY THE EDITOR.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it."

For more than a week have I been daily sitting here, aside of this altar, looking at the hundreds of faces before me, in part reading their thoughts and life-struggles in their features and forms; their thoughts uttered or unexpressed. In my mind the past and the present play their several parts. The place whereon this Synod sits is to me holy ground. Here stood the old stone church, whereof my now sainted father became a member in 1802. Here both my parents worshipped, and taught and trained their nine children to worship. Here father was an Elder for thirty years, if I remember correctly. Possibly much longer, for he continued a member till his death in 1861. Here I was baptized, by father Hoffmeier, the grandfather of Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger. How often as I look at the now spare and venerable form of the grandson, sitting before me, have I recalled his visits with his grandfather to our house, near Lancaster. Then I was a little boy and he a stout, bouncing youth, with the agility of an athlete, and full of fun and frolic.

In yonder pew sits a small gray-headed father. During all these sessions he has been sitting in the same pew, and at the same end of it. Although closely attentive to business, he rarely speaks, and then his words are few. Fifty-five years ago he was a youthful mechanic, in York, Pa. Feeling himself called to the ministry, he prepared himself for the sacred office as best he could. Forty-six years ago he was ordained. Physically there is not much of him. But in that little body throbs a heart warm with the love of Christ. His ministerial life has abounded in good works. And the blessed fruits of his ministry are found in five charges. One of these was this first church in Lancaster. Few men in this Synod are more familiar with the streets of this city. He has seen many of them by day and by night, in his pastoral work. I was confirmed with his first class of catechumens. He was intensely earnest

in his catechetical instructions. In applying the lessons he would often weep. The whole confirmation scene is still vividly pictured in my memory. I distinctly remember how, as I and my brother stood side by side before the altar, while the pastor was reading the confirmation form and I was mentally praying, a sudden fainting sensation seized me, and for a few moments I was unconscious. Although fearful that I might sink to the floor, the Lord held me up. God bless and reward Dr. George W. Glessner, my spiritual father.

Near Dr. Glessner is seated a gray-headed man, his hair white as the riven snow, and not much of it. He, too, is small of stature, but active and lithe of limb. In 1844, mother sent me with a lot of meat and sausages to our pastor, as her custom was after butchering. I bore my burden to the old parsonage, still standing, less than a square from here, in North Duke Street. After handing over the baskets, the pastor invited me into the parlor, to introduce me to Dr. Schaff, as he called him. How I shrank from this ordeal, as a bashful country youth naturally would! I had read in the *Messenger* of his coming. But to be introduced to him! What could I do or say? As I entered the door he quickly rose and extended his hand and greeted me cordially. He was finely dressed—wore a showy gold chain, had cheeks florid and more oval than now. I felt painfully insignificant in such a presence, and was greatly relieved when I escaped from it. He spoke rapidly, and with more vehement utterance than now. How unlike the Dr. Schaff in yonder pew from the ruddy-faced, flashy, young German Professor in Pastor Glessner's parlor thirty-four years ago.

A few evenings ago Dr. Schaff preached a preparatory sermon before the Synod. At the close of it he spoke of his personal relations to the Reformed Church. He said that although God in His providence had called him to labor in another denomination, that in heart and sentiment he still retained his old affection for the Reformed Church. He said: "This is the first meeting of the General Synod which it is my privilege to attend. It affords me great pleasure thus to meet and greet many of my former associates

and fellow-laborers. Many of the members of this Synod were my students, and some are the sons of my students. I owe much to this my Mother Church. I can not forget that you honored me with the position of a professor in your Theological Seminary. I still remember the tall form of Dr. B. Schneck and the smiling fatherly countenance of Dr. T. Hoffeditz, as they first entered my room in the University of Berlin, as a Commission from the Reformed Church in the United States, extending to me the call to one of its most important professorships. This call gave a new turn to my subsequent life. But for it, I should most likely have remained in Europe. I can not forget the cordial welcome which I received from the ministers and students, upon my arrival in this country; nor the quiet, peaceful village of Mercersburg, where I spent twenty of the most vigorous and active years of my life—where all my children were born, and where some lie buried, whom I hope to meet again in the 'land of the blest.' My toils and trials, my pleasures and my pains in this retired mountain village, remain to me a blessed memory. Twice I was arraigned for heresy, and twice the Synod acquitted me with a vote almost unanimous. On this pulpit and on that of its predecessor in the old stone church, I often preached the Gospel, through the invitation of my dear and now sainted friend, Dr. Harbaugh. Down there in the basement of this church, in what was then Dr. Harbaugh's study, I spent many happy hours and days, with the Liturgy Committee, in the preparation of a work which I had fondly hoped would become a bond of union to the Church. Alas! instead of this it has become a bone of contention. Dear brethren, I heartily love you all. If I have wronged any one, I hereby ask your pardon. If I have in any way unintentionally taught anything untrue, I hereby retract it."

All present felt how beautifully child-like, frank and sincere this unburdening of our old Professor's heart was.

In yonder back pew, on the side aisle, I see Dr. Lewis H. Steiner sitting, with his crossed hands resting on the top of his staff. He bears his senatorial honors gracefully. A seat in the Maryland Senate becomes a son of old Marshall. One would

hardly suspect the stern-looking Senator to have taken part in College affairs of more than thirty years ago. He had entered College young. Ignorant of the German language, he applied himself to the study of it, joined the German Schiller Society, and when his turn came performed the duties as a good Schilleraner. Many a laughable story he still relates in connection with the doings of the young German philosophers. Some of these served as walking Cyclopedias of historic and philosophic lore. Chief of these was "old Seipel," as he was called. He held that a literary Society, to be really German, must indoctrinate its members in the use of the pipe. One evening he entered the hall, bearing a large, well-filled pipe, with a very long stem. He took a seat by the old ten-plate stove, raised his two feet nearly on a level with his head, and with a grave countenance puffed up curling columns of smoke for the advancement of German culture. Soon a protest to this noxious innovation was raised by different members. In vain did the President call the offender to order; in vain he fined him. Seipel arose to defend himself. In a logical argument, and in elegant German he tried to prove that the smoking of the pipe was an essential part of German social life, and as a consequence no literary Society can be truly German without it. The whole affair produced a scene of disorder characteristically German. Dr. Steiner was one of the few English students who acquired a speaking knowledge of the German language. At a formal reception given to Dr. Schaff, at the house of Dr. Nevin, in Mercersburg, in August, 1844, the students serenaded the newly-arrived Professor, and helped to sooth or disturb the rest of many a village home. The hymn of welcome was composed by Dr. Abraham Arnold, of this town, and the youthful Steiner, with mirthful glee was one of the leading serenaders. In many a moonlight serenade under the windows of coy village maidens was he the skillful piper of the band. The following are a few stanzas of the hymn, published in the November number of the GUARDIAN of 1864:

Willkommen! sei willkommen
Gieb uns den Druck der Hand,
Wir heissen dich willkommen
Im neuen Vaterland.

Sieh, jeder Busen waltet,
Sieh, jedes Auge fliehet
Und jede stimme hallet
Sei herzlich uns gegrüßet.

Find hier die Heimath wieder
Wie an der Elbe Strand,
Find viele treue Brüder
Wie in dem deutschen Land.

Then the honored guest, highly pleased with this German welcome, poured forth a hearty response, which rolled from his heart like the beat of a drum.

The older students of Marshall College remember a small, one-story stone building, aside of the Presbyterian Church in Mercersburg. Probably it is still there. In the olden time it may have served as a village school-house. In 1836, while the College and Seminary buildings were being erected here, the College authorities used this uninviting structure in a back street. It had only one room, in which the boys recited. I never was in the building, for that was before my time. Five or six of those boys, now venerable with years and earnest work for Christ, I have been watching for days on the floor of this Synod. Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, President of Ursinus College, was the only senior. He took all the honors of his class—the salutatory, Marshall oration, if such there was then, and the valedictory. He delivered his graduating speech in the Presbyterian Church, as did a number of succeeding classes deliver theirs. He has the distinguished honor of having graduated in the first class of Marshall College, and was the only member of the class.

Dr. G. W. Williard, President of Heidelberg College, Tiffin, Ohio, was another. His present stout form, then slender and frail, bears little resemblance to that youth of 1836. Dr. E. V. Gerhart, of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, is another of this group. He is said to have been given to mischief, and on proper occasions received the chidings of his seniors. Tradition reports that he was not over zealous in his studies, yet how severely has he toiled since then!

Dr. G. W. Walker, of Greensboro, North Carolina, for thirty-seven years an earnest laborer in the Reformed Church in that State, for a number of years a member of the State Senate, was

also a student in the humble building. Elder J. Heyser, of Chambersburg, Pa., was the life and tease of the party, as he still is wherever he goes. A godly, generous brother, with a small body but a large heart, and still brimful of mirth. Tradition has preserved the reputation of his College life, abounding in all manner of mischief and adventurous hilarity. His short, pointed speeches to the Synod, despite their good and serious sense, call up in some minds memories of his youthful pranks. The bountiful Creator has given him a marvellous flow of cheerful spirits, which has brought sunshine into many a heart and social circle. A while ago I noticed the elder convulsed with laughter at the blunder of a brother; his face all twisted into a grin and his eyes full of tears. Although forty-two years, of an earnest life full of cares, have passed since those student-days in the old stone school-house, his fun-loving nature still crops out with youthful glee. Other students there were in the stone building, but only these five that I know are on the floor of Synod. The boys of other days have become the fathers of the Church. Their former youthful gaiety and glee have been sobered by years. Their grey locks and white beards impart to them a patriarchal aspect.

The oldest minister in office present is father J. G. Fritchey, who was ordained fifty years ago. His classmate, Dr. J. C. Bucher, is not present. Dr. Glessner graduated in the Seminary in 1831, W. T. Gerhart in 1834, Dr. S. R. Fisher in 1836, W. F. Colliflower in 1837, and Dr. Bomberger in 1838.

The grateful veneration of students to their professors is pleasing to witness. Dr. J. W. Nevin, in former years so active at our Synodical meetings, has led the Synod once in prayer. Beyond that he has taken no active part in the proceedings. At seventy-seven years of age, the weight of life's burdens press heavily upon the strongest mind. Several times his tall, venerable form has been seen, but only for a short time; usually when the Synod engaged in singing and prayer. Many have visited him at his home, where in familiar conversation his mind and heart overflow with the freshness of his earlier years.

With no less affection are other pro-

fessors greeted by their students. For among these delegates are many who, within the memory of men still in the prime of life, were beardless youths. Before me sits a brother with long bushy locks and a beard worthy of an Arab Shiekh, whom I remember as a young student. How large a number of these clergy received their intellectual training, at least in part, from men right before me; such as Dr. Nevin, Dr. Schaff, Prof. W. M. Nevin, Dr. Gerhart, Drs. T. G. and Theodore Apple, and the younger Professors at Lancaster, and also Dr. Bomberger, Dr. Super, Dr. G. W. Williard, Dr. J. H. Rust, Dr. Higbee. The first two moulded the minds of the rest, and these again are training others to train coming generations.

Before me I see a number of useful men who fought their way up into the ministry inch by inch. Several whom I remember to have worn scanty, and even threadbare clothing. They boarded themselves. One supplied a weak congregation in the "Little Cove." For his services his flock furnished him with provision. These he prepared for the table, besides attending to his studies. For a while another brother boarded with him for a nominal price.

A certain room I used to visit was the home of two portly, dignified doctors of divinity on this floor, one of whom now ably fills a chair in one of our Theological Seminaries. In his early life he had learned the baker trade. When a student he became famous as a baker of good cakes, as he now is as a maker of good sermons. On a little stove their meals were prepared, and on the study table they were eaten. If I remember correctly the baker, then as now an industrious man, received little help from his room-mate, for no one could vie with him in the culinary art. These self-boarding brethren practiced great self-denial. Some rarely ate meat. Others for days lived on bread and molasses. A few injured their health, perhaps for life, from want of sufficient nutritious food. From a feeling of delicacy, unwilling to make their wants known, they pressed on with their studies, until illness compelled them to call in a physician, who prescribed healthy and sufficient food as their only remedy. These brethren entered their profession through

much tribulation. When after several hours of severe study or recitation, the rest of us would resort to our well-prepared meals at our respective boarding houses, these had to repair to their scanty larders, and themselves prepare their meals from what little they had. I see before me several members of the Utelian Club, famous for its richly flavored mince pies, and members, too, of another club with some euphonious Greek name, both of which were noted for their good fare. It was hard enough for us to work our way along, with others to prepare our food for us; how we should have groaned under the additional burden of having what was our study, bed-room and parlor, converted into a kitchen and dining-room, and we ourselves serve as cook and dining-room servant.

Some of these students had no homes to go to, and spent their vacations at Mercersburg. Others taught school, served as book agents, or performed manual labor during this time so as to earn something for their support. It gives me great pleasure to see these heroes of our College days faring so well now. Nearly all that I see before me look healthy, a few have become quite portly. Providence blesses them with bodily vigor and a well-filled larder. The most of them have in some manner become men of means, with something of their own to fall back on. Their sons are studying for the ministry, who fare much better than their fathers did.

Of the later generation of students in our institutions East and West, I know less. Since their ordination I have learned more about them than prior to it. I have listened to many of them on this floor with feelings of pride. Ready in debate, thoroughly at home in questions of Church polity and work, full of zeal for the Master's cause, I can count men here by the scores who are an honor to our Reformed Zion. Although educated at five different institutions, three in the East and two in the West, it is surprising to what an extent their thinking has been moulded by one common system and life.

Scattered over a large extent of country, they and their people are all akin. The bulk of them are descendants of one common stock. Directly or remotely they are either of foreign or Pennsylvania Ger-

man birth. Dr. Welker, of North Carolina, says nearly all his members are descendants of Reformed families who emigrated from Berks County, Pa., one hundred and twenty years ago. In the western States whole churches are composed of people from our eastern churches. Through ties of blood and bonds of their natural and spiritual life, the East and the West, the North and the South, are sacredly united; and what God hath joined together let not man put asunder. This is a peculiar element of strength in the Reformed Church, which ought to be developed and utilized.

As I sit in this chair my thoughts dwell much on the foreign German element in the Reformed Church. About one-fourth of this Synod is composed of foreign Germans. Many of them are young men. Others are in the prime of life. Dr. Busche and Dr. Gehr are the only German pastors advanced in years. These Germans largely represent the great West and North-west, the centre of the foreign German population in this country. They are men of a neat and polished exterior, of a pleasing address and gentle manners. Their mother-tongue they speak with musical elegance. Repeatedly as I have heard a brother for the first time in his native language, his peculiar purity of expression and style led me to think that he could not speak a sentence of English. Yet soon thereafter he would address the Synod in this tongue, with a correctness and fluency in which but a pleasing bit of German accent was perceptible. These young Germans have a rare talent for languages, especially for acquiring a *speaking* knowledge of them. How rarely does one find an American or English scholar who can readily converse in Greek or Latin; with German scholars this is a common accomplishment. Very rarely do our English-Americans acquire a speaking knowledge of the German, as nine-tenths of the Germans acquire that of the English.

Sir John Herschell said London was the geographical centre of the globe, and the old Venetians held a similar theory of their city in the sea. Some of these now venerable sons of old Marshall College claimed a similar honor for Mercersburg, as the intellectual centre of the world. And each of the two literary

societies claimed to be the star nearest the sun. Drs. Santee, Russell, P. S. Davis, and the Apple brothers could a tale unfold of Diathean schemes to outrun the Goetheans in electioneering for members. The most formidable of these were Russell and Davis, who excelled in humor, as they still do. And this talent achieves more with young students than logic. What grand intellects our sons of Goethe were. At least so we Goetheans thought. I remember my first declamation in the Goethean Society. The meetings were held at night, in the Seminary hall, for the two Society halls were then not yet completed. A smoky oil-lamp shed a dim light on the young philosophers. A gloomy-looking place it was to me, for I was still a green student, newly arrived, and all before me were in classes ahead of me, and knew everything and I nothing. How wise they looked,—like modern Solons.

"And still I gazed, and still my wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all they knew."

The sight of J. O. Miller, H. Rust, J. Loose, W. H. Super and others knocked the bottom out of my memory before I reached the middle of my piece. Just then and there it was a horrid, indeed, a heart-rending failure to me. Great were the intellectual adventures of the boys. I remember a composition of student Rust on the subject of *Nix* (nothing), which he treated with unfathomable profundity, vainly seeking for a spot on which to place the fulcrum of his Archimedean lever. Not until then did I learn how difficult it was to develop something out of nothing.

At a Junior exhibition in the old stone church, student Super delivered an oration on "The insuperability of the impervious." I have forgotten how far he succeeded to penetrate the impenetrable. It would be interesting to have these two brethren, after more than twenty-five years of additional study, to give this Synod a succinct elucidation of their abstruse subjects. The sight of Drs. Russell and Weiser recalls a discussion in the Theological Society on the subject: *Resolved*, "That Protestantism is essentially gnostic." The

Marshall students were then prolific in knotty and unfathomable subjects.

The history of the oldest as well as of the younger institutions of the Church began with some of the men on this floor. Father Fritchey was in the second Class of the Seminary, then at Carlisle, in 1828. Dr. Bomberger was the first graduate of the College. The founders of the two literary Societies are here, and some of the leading builders of their halls in Mercersburg and of those at Lancaster, as well as the founders of the institutions at Tiffin and Ursinus. Many whose memory is fondly cherished have entered into rest. Others will soon follow, and younger graduates will take their places.

It is a pleasing privilege to sit in a corner of such an assembly, and allow one's memory to roam at will over half-forgotten scenes of the past. How little W. M. Deatrich, C. Z. Weiser, S. Mease and others, with bushy beards and sober mien now resemble their former selves. Seen from my seat here one would little suspect these earnest men of having ever made the college corridors ring with their merry shouts. And what a trouble Dr. Nevin had to break some of them of the naughty habit of whistling, which he held was the sign of an empty brain. They are all right now, and, for their years, were not far wrong then.

The sight of a grey head and furrowed face calls up the ruddy, smooth countenance of the dashing sophomore, the aspiring junior, and the sage senior of College days long past. There a grave, dignified doctor calls up a string of associations and youthful adventures of which few would now suspect him to have been guilty. Some of these students, who for many years have labored in the far west, have so grown beyond one's recognition, that it requires an introduction to his old familiar comrades. With ties of fond endearment the earlier and later students of this and our other Reformed institutions are bound together in the higher, purer, and more enduring fellowship of the communion of saints. In this gracious life and hope we meet and part till the last great home-gathering when parting shall be no more forever.

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,

But we shall still be joined in heart;
And hope to meet again."

The Lancaster *New Era* contained the following in its graceful farewell words to the General Synod:

"It is but just to these men to say that the impression they have left on this community has been altogether favorable. They are men who have lost nothing by comparison with similar bodies who have assembled in this city. Their discussions were conducted in a spirit of candor, fairness, and Christian forbearance that did them honor. To a man they impressed the listeners that they were what they pretended to be, men who had the highest interest of their calling at heart, and earnest in carrying onward the good work. Intellectually they were far above the average of such bodies. Their discussions revealed scholarship and intellectual culture. It was a treat even in this German county of Lancaster to hear the German members from the West address the Synod in the rich and sonorous language of the Fatherland, with an eloquence that won admiration. We trust these gentlemen will bear with them memories of our inland city as pleasant as those which their sojourn here has left behind.—*Vale!*"

Lift me Higher.

HEST MICH HÖHER.

TRANSLATED BY S. R. FISHER, D. D.

Ger. S. S. Hymn Book, H. 214.

Lift me higher; lift me higher,
Out of sin's dark dismal night,
Bring me to the Saviour nigher,
Who has darkness put to flight.
Angels, come; your wings unfolding,
Bear me up to Calvary,
That I may, while there beholding,
See what has been done for me.

Lift me higher; lift me higher,
Out of sorrow's swelling flood;
Ever fiercer; ever fiercer,
Waxes suffering's feverish blood.
Angels, come; your wings unfolding,
Bear me up to Tabor's height;
Whilst the glory there beholding,
All my pains take sudden flight.

Lift me higher; lift me higher,
Out of earth's bewildering night;
Ever nigher; ever nigher,
To the realms of heav'nly light.
Angels, come; your wings unfolding,
Carry me my Lord before;
Bear me up to Zion golden;
Ope to me the pearly door.

A Week in Rome.

By CHARLES A. SALMOND, ARBRATH, SCOTLAND.

The year of our Lord 1870, and especially the latter half of it, was marked by a series of events of startling importance. Scarcely had the daring dogma of Infallibility been decreed by the Old Man of the Vatican and his so-called *Œcumenical Council*, when all Europe rang with the proclamation of war between two of the most powerful and enlightened nations in the world. The issue of the terrible struggle which followed is still fresh in our memories. France,—proud, boastful, glory-loving France was humbled in the dust, and with her the chief support of Pius IX. was laid low. One event begets another. The unification of Italy had long been the grand design of her foremost patriots and statesmen, and the opportunity now offered of effecting this was too good to be let slip by a man like Victor Emmanuel, who, whatever his faults are, had undoubtedly his country's welfare deeply at heart. Rome was quietly taken by the Italian troops on September 21st, and Italy was at length, to her great joy, one and indivisible. This event, overshadowed at the time by the death-grapple going on between France and Germany, though perhaps less obtrusive was perhaps even more significant than it. The temporal power, which years of toil had reared, extended and established, was in one short week swept away like the "fabric of a vision," and "left not a wreck behind," save perhaps the Vatican, where the morose Father of the Faithful voluntarily immured himself ever,

The perturbed state of affairs on the Continent that year naturally reduced the number of travelers to a minimum. Those who were fool-hardy enough to go in spite of the remonstrances of friends, had the advantage, with little additional danger or even inconvenience, of seeing Europe in very memorable circumstances. Should the following notes on Rome serve to convey to the reader a tithe of the interest the places described afforded to the small party a section of whose tour is herein exhibited, the object of the writer will be accomplished.

Having passed through France and

spent several weeks in Switzerland and Northern Italy, we were animated by a strong desire "to see Rome also." But by this time there were others desiring to see it, namely, the Italian troops, and it seemed doubtful whether we should be able to share with them that pleasure. At length we hit on a happy expedient. Sailing down the placid waters of the Mediterranean from Leghorn to Naples, we gave the troops time to complete their operations and inaugurate *their* visit, while we very profitably employed ourselves in exploring the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. This done we were enabled to proceed with comfort to the accomplishment of our design. And here our story begins. The journey from Naples to Rome was not an eventful one. Excepting a little extra excitement on the part of the naturally vivacious Italians, there was scarcely an indication that anything extraordinary had happened. The route lay at first through a fertile district, flat on the one side and varied on the other with bare, volcanic-looking mountains. Here and there was seen a house of Oriental appearance peeping from among the trees, and now and then a flock of sheep or a herd of swine gave animation to the scene. Near Capua, we passed the place of Hannibal's defeat. Teano, too, had some interest, as having been mentioned by Horace. The site of the monastery of Casino, founded long ago by St. Benedict, is a choice one. It is surrounded by lovely mountain-ranges flanking both sides of a fertile valley. Next of note was Aquino, ancient Aquinum, which gave birth to Rome's sternest satirist and to one of the acutest scholastics of the Middle Ages. At *Ceprano*, we entered what one short week before was Papal Territory, but were spared the necessity of showing our passports and opening our boxes, as then we must needs have done. It was only the third day on which trains had run to Rome as Capital of Italy, the third day since this long-benighted and enslaved region had been freed from its thrice-forged fetters, and restored to the blessings of light and liberty. It is a territory thickly studded with towns, most of which are built on hills or rising ground, answering admirably to the poet's description, in the

midst of his rapturous and patriotic eulogium on his native land: "*dot congesta manu prærumpit oppida saxis,*" &c, —*Virg. Georg. II.*

On the summit of the first of these, the town *Ceccano*, the "red, white and green" flag of Italy waved triumphantly. Sometimes soldiers may be seen idly lounging; their work is over. *Ferentinum*, *Velitræ* and *Anagna* had all some interest. But soon from a picturesque, mountainous district we pass to the bleak and dreary *Campagna*, once so fertile, now so desolate, once a garden, now a desert. In some places the country is marshy and the miasma arising from it is highly prejudicial to health. So with handkerchief on mouth, we journey patiently on in the dark, and our hearts beat high as we approach the Eternal City of Emperors and Popes, and others greater than they. And here we are at the Station, a humble enough edifice, to be sure! Our tickets are taken, but no passport is demanded as we retire; so without delay we drive off to the *Hotel Allemagne*, in *Via del Condotti*. Our 'bus companions talk with extreme fecundity in English, French, and German alternately. We listen and admire, to keep our eyes open. The streets of Rome are now lighted pretty well, though for a long time the Pope was opposed to the admittance of even gaslight within his city. Ah! old man, another kind of light has now gained an entrance in spite of you, and "such a light as by God's grace shall never be put out!"

In all the windows "red, white and green" were flaunted conspicuously as if to taunt the "infallible" with his weakness. Joy reigned supreme: and peans of victory were everywhere heard, or tokens of it encountered. In our very hotel, we were confronted with the laurel-crowned bust of *Victor Emmanuel*, standing in the porch.

Next day being *Sabbath*, we repaired betimes, like the best of Catholics to *St. Peter's*, where mass was to be performed. On our way we had to cross the many-stated bridge of *St. Angelo* and to pass the gate of the mighty castle at its further end. Beneath flowed old *Father Tiber* as he has done from time immemorial; but his stream was confessedly neither peculiarly limpid nor remarka-

bly majestic. High Mass was of course conducted in an impressive manner. We saw the mummeries of Romanism at their fountain-head. The gorgeously-robed priests were "neither few nor small"—fat, lolling fellows, more given to feasting than fasting apparently. The solemnity of the service did not make them forget to enjoy their pinch of snuff betimes. At one point in the performance, the Cardinal placed his hands impressively on his neighbor's shoulders, who in turn laying his on the shoulders of the next, till the blessing had permeated all the priesthood present. Whence it came originally, I don't know. Probably from the little crucifix. Then all knelt reverently down, and the Cardinal read something from a book, while we, almost alone, were left standing in this house of *Rimmon*. Among the spectators rather than audience, for they understand not what they hear, were some soldiers in Italian uniform—an unwelcome apparition for the denizens of *St. Peter's*! We soon returned to our hotel, impressed in a different way from what the priests intended, and spent the rest of the day in a more edifying manner.

Next day was chiefly devoted to a review of the military situation, the details of which it is needless to give. Within the city were about forty thousand soldiers, many of them earnestly engaged in sight-seeing. Rome! how familiar the name to all of them, but how few had ever hoped, in their fondest dreams, to set eyes on the mystic city, whose soldiers in former days held the whole world at their feet. "*Viva Roma Capitale d' Italia*" is the motto of the day, expressed in placards, Italian rosettes, pennants, and busts, and the loud huzzas of the populace. The priests alone are wroth at the recent changes, and even some of them are fraternizing with the soldiery. I pass over our drive round the walls to several of the gates, at which the troops knocked for admittance last week, and got it after pretty hard tapping, in some cases, as we easily concluded from the surroundings. The *Porta Salvia* and *Porta Pia* were terribly battered. We came to the *Campagna*: and there encamped on the plain at our feet, lay thousands of Italy's choicest troops. Descending, we walked

through the encampment and saw the groups of soldiers, the long rows of artillery, the white tents, the remains of camp-fires, and the various other elements which go to make up the picture of a real, living, military camp. Far across the plain, lay "*Supinum Tibur*," modern *Tivoli*, whose fountains and delights are so often sung. We now drove back towards the *Vatican* which, however, we could not enter, so we looked into *St. Peter's* for a moment, and then, reserving the thorough inspection of both for another day, we set out for the *Catacombs of San Sebastian* in which the persecuted Christians were wont to find refuge. These lay beyond the walls, and this caused a fresh disappointment. The *Porta Appia* leads out to the *Catacombs*, and hence is sometimes called *San Sebastianiana*. Here to our chagrin we found traces of the *Zouaves'* activity in the shape of a huge mound of earth with which the door had been barricaded against the opposing forces. Though this heap was now being removed, the operation was to take five hours more, so we had just to return by the way we came. Such are the hardships of war!

But before we had proceeded far, we stopped, at our driver's suggestion, by a modest-looking door, opening through the long dark wall which lined our road. In answer to our summons, a young man came; and we, provided with candles, accompanied him down a narrow passage into the earth's interior, where he speedily pointed out to us the tombs of some of Rome's greatest generals—the mighty *Scipios*. What a narrow space suffices now for him who vanquished Carthage! After viewing these ancient sepulchres and part of the old *Appian way*, and having cracked our crowns a few times on the humble roof, we emerged once more to the light of day. Here the young man showed us some curious old coins and relics found below.

The *Church of St. John of Lateran*, where we next halted, is called the "head and mother of Churches," and, so far as magnificence goes, it has good reason for claiming such a title. Here the Popes are crowned and consecrated, and here, too, they hold private mass. The statues of the twelve apostles, each fourteen feet five inches in height, are all very striking. Paul is in the traitor's

room, and is certainly far from being "in presence weak" in the *Lateran*. Above are ranged paintings from the life of our Saviour; and above these again are finely executed scenes from Old Testament history. The ceiling, over all, is richly ornamented. Besides the church itself, there is a small chapel leading from it, which like it is constructed of different colored marbles, and is well worthy of a visit. It was raised by the family *Corsini*, and is from them named *Capella Corsini*. Its elegance may be imagined, when, though itself small, its cost is stated at £400,000! (\$2,000,000.) Down a stair we saw a most wonderful statue—a representation of the dead Christ in the arms of Mary—the whole chiselled from one large block of marble.

Omitting all mention of the *Lateran Museum* (shown us by a bustling, enthusiastic but not wholly disinterested little man) and of the *Church of Santa Croce*, where they profess to have part of the Saviour's cross, we pass on to notice the *Pincian Gardens*, on our way to which we passed the *Quirinal Hill* and the *Palazzo Barberini*. Parting with our driver, we enjoyed a stroll in the gardens, which make an excellent promenade for the Romans, and from their elevated situation, afford an admirable view of the whole city and its environs. In the centre of a great marble basin in the principal walk, is a striking statue of Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses in the ark of bulrushes. From our coign of vantage, we obtained a much better idea of the general plan of the *Eternal city* than we had before. It is divided into two sections by the *Tiber*—the *Leonine City* and the *Trastevere*, the former comprising *St. Peter's* and the *Vatican*. One thing which cannot fail to strike the observer, on his first general view of Rome, is the immense number of her churches. Of these there are no fewer than three hundred and sixty-four. Build one more, and the Roman might have a new church for every day in the year. It is emphatically a "city of churches." The saying, usually so false, has perhaps here for once a true application—"The nearer the kirk, the farther from grace." But the time of evening malaria drew on apace, so, descending from the gardens into the *Piazza*

del Popolo, we found rest and refuge in our hotel.

Next morning we visited the studio of a well-known Scotch photographer—Mr. McPherson—who had for upwards of thirty years been prosecuting his art in the city. Securing some of his incomparable views of Rome, we set about our proper business at present—sight-seeing. And first we drove through the San Paolo gate to the extra-mural Church of St. Paul, which should certainly be neglected by no visitor to Rome; for its interior almost surpasses in splendor St. Peter's itself. It is constructed of the most beautiful marbles of all colors. The floors are of the most ornate description, and each of the many pillars is of great value. Besides those of marble, there are two long rows of Baveno granite pillars. The magnificent canopy, covering the altar and supported by four great alabaster columns with malachite base, was presented by the Pacha of Egypt. There are two remarkably fine statues—the one of Paul, after whom the church is named, and the other of Peter with his keys. As the story goes, Paul was beheaded and buried here. Tradition says, that the three fountains had their origin at his execution; the head rebounded three times, and a fountain sprang from the earth at each of the places! The portraits in mosaic round the walls of the church represent all the Popes, beginning with St. Peter, whose likeness no doubt is *very* exact. Having spent a very interesting time in St. Paul's, we drove next to the *Catacombs of San Sebastian*, which we managed to enter this time. A comfortable-looking priest was our guide. He led us, candle in hand, down the narrow subterranean passages, on each side of which were ledges containing the graves of martyrs and popes. We saw one of the small underground chapels, where the little band of persecuted Christians used to assemble and cry to the Almighty from the depths. How helplessly at the mercy of the priest we felt as he led us through the dark labyrinth, and how easily he might have moved away, leaving our Protestant bones to rot all unseen in some dingy corner! But his clemency was greater than might have been anticipated, and we soon again issued with him into the

clearer atmosphere of the church above the Catacombs, and driving quickly along the famous Appian Way, entered the city by the much-battered Sebastian gate, which we had found blockaded on the inside the day before. Stopping at the *Baths of Caracalla*, whose ruins are among the most massive remains of old Rome, we spent some time in examining them and watching the excavations which are still being carried on. Here and there the trunk of a statue, or some old coin was coming to light again. Many of these relics have already been removed to the Vatican Museum.

We were next conveyed to the *Capitol*, once the pride and protection of Rome, and still retaining somewhat of its ancient majesty. Ascending the well-known flight of steps we reached the Square at the top, the Piazza del Campidoglio, where soldiers as usual were hanging about. On the equestrian statue in the centre was hung the flag of Italy. Rome's Capitol in the hands of Cisalpine Gauls! In the Capitoline Museums are preserved some remarkable statues of old mythology, such as those of "*Mars*" and the renowned "*Capitolian Venus*." The "*Gladiator*," too, is a much valued work of art. Another of Rome's enthusiastic old gentlemen showed us through the "*Conservatorium*," where, among other things, we saw the familiar statue of the *She Wolf* suckling *Romulus*, the city's founder, and his inconsiderate brother *Remus*. Visits to one or two of the churches ended this day's sight-seeing.

The next morning, we hired a guide, a spry little man, who had all Rome at his finger ends. He knew English, moreover, wonderfully well, and knew equally well how to please his English visitors. So under his conduct we drove up the Quirinal Hill, and past the splendid Fountain of Trevia to the gardens and gallery of *Prospigliosi*, a Roman noble. In the latter we saw the splendid picture of "*Aurora*," by Guido Reni.

The Pope's Quirinal Palace was near at hand; so by our guide's permit we got admission. By the gate the renowned Swiss Guards were still standing, left here by the courtesy of the Italians. They are all fine stalwart men, arrayed in gorgeous uniform. Shown through the palace we saw the Pope's

own bed-room, sitting-room, and throne-room, and the balcony from which he has so often addressed the gaping crowds below. The room of Pius VII. is also shown where he breathed his last. In all the rooms there are the choicest paintings, chiefly on religious themes, and many of the walls are adorned with elaborate hangings of tapestry.

Neither the Church of *San Maria degli Angeli*, containing the tomb of *Salvator Rosa*, nor that of *San Pietro*, whose wardens profess to have the chain with which Peter was bound, delayed us long. The latter holds a remarkably striking and life-like statue of *Moses*, by Michael Angelo, and its handsome Corinthian pillars were supplied by the *Baths of Diocletian*—whose ruins, though of prodigious size, are for the most part still underground. This is a peculiarity of Rome generally, that many parts of the ancient city lie under the modern, which has been raised, by accumulation of rubbish, some twenty feet higher in level than the Rome of Cæsar, and Horace, and Cicero. At almost every step here, one is treading over classic ground. Near the Baths, we passed a body of Italian troops leading along a number of disarmed Zouaves—sulky, scowling fellows, in loose grey uniform. The Zouaves are excellent soldiers, of all nationalities,—German, French, English, and Irish,—being volunteers prompted by regard for the Pope to offer him their services.

Along the road a short way, we got a fine view of the Coliseum, and then we stopped at the *House of Nero*, which was built over the remains of *Messina's villa*. Above the ruins of Nero's House, again, Titus raised what he called Nero's Palace. Rome has been built seven times, according to our guide, so that now it has reached the complete number, which is satisfactory. The Palace had two distinct sections, for summer and winter. Its ruins are well preserved. Some pieces of sculpture are exhibited, and on the walls of the *Crypto Portico*, we saw by the aid of candles on long poles, frescoes of nymphs and satyrs, and such like beings. In another apartment was shown a medallion with Nero's portrait, and the Roman eagle upon it. The building is 1800 years old, and its excavation

commenced in the time of the great Napoleon.

We looked into the Church of *San Clemente*, noted as being the oldest in Rome. The old Church lies underneath the modern one, and strange to say, its existence was undiscovered till 1866! How often do men here walk over some spot of intense interest, *without knowing it*.

An ancient Obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, next attracted our attention. It was brought from Egypt by Julius Cæsar, and is said to be 5,000 years old. Accordingly, it had been in Egypt about the time of Joseph, and if so, old Rome herself is but a child in years compared to it! Rome spoke of this obelisk as old; we speak of Rome as old; and as the ages roll on the time may come when men speak of the British Empire as old, and of us as its antiquated and primitive inhabitants! Whether the day shall ever come when the Edinburgh Castle Rock, surmounted by crumbling battlements, and the ivy-bound pillars of the Academy of Art, situated in a tangled grassy jungle, once known as *Prince's Street Gardens*, shall be visited by curious antiquarians from some highly civilized nation in the South Seas—we cannot tell; but certain it is that this does not seem more strange to us than it would have been to the ancient Roman to have been told that in the distant barbarous Isles of Britain there would hereafter be established a nation more enlightened than his own, and whose sons, returning from mighty Rome, would have to speak of the ruins of a system once so solid and so great!

At the *Scala Santa*, or as it is also called, *Pilate's Staircase*, brought from Jerusalem by Titus, we saw several poor creatures at their penance. On this staircase Pilate is said to have brought Jesus forth to the multitude. Therefore each step is holy to the devotees; on each a kiss is bestowed, and a prayer muttered. We saw a lady and her little girl thus engaged. Would that they were all like Martin Luther, when, on this very stair, he heard for the third time in his life the words sounding in his ear—"The just shall live by Faith!" And with that his bodily penance was at an end: he rose from his knees, left Rome and the abominations he saw

there, and began in earnest his great Reformation work.

The *Colosseum* was our next resort. This colossal structure is of all Roman ruins the most massive and imposing. It was reckoned one of the wonders of the world. Titus and Vespasian were its builders. It is circular in shape, and its immense arena measures 1,641 feet in circumference. The four-storied wall is 157 feet high. On the inside, terraces for the spectators ascend from the ground upward. The seats for the Emperor, Senators, Vestal Virgins, the people, and slaves, were pointed out to us. In these there was accommodation for no fewer than 100,000 spectators, who, like Diocletian, feasted their eyes with savage delight on the brutal scenes enacted here for their amusement. Many a Christian had here to contend with hunger-maddened wild beasts, as Paul did at Ephesus. The guide showed us the den in which the brutes were confined for three days before the feast. Every care was taken that the infuriated animal, as he came howling forth, should not mistake his victim, or wreak his vengeance and glut his savage hunger on the scarcely less ferocious animals in the galleries. Their lives were valuable; the gladiator's worthless—except for the day's sport! Sometimes the Colosseum was flooded with water, when rowing matches were to be held. Close by is the fountain-basin of *Meta Sudante*, where, as the name implies, surviving combatants cleared themselves of sweat and blood.

Near at hand is the *Arch of Constantine*, adorned with statues of the four kings whom he subjugated. Through it led the great triumphal way.

Hard by, stands another majestic arch, that of *Titus*, erected to commemorate his triumph over the Jews. On it is carved a representation of the triumphal procession with the candelabra and other plunder from Herod's Temple.

Next comes a great cluster of interesting ruins:—the *Basilica of Constantine*—the *Temple of Peace*, with its three arches—the *Temple of Faustina*, with its majestic marble pillars—the *Temple of Romulus and Remus*—the *House of Cicero*, and the *Temple of Castor and Pollux*. All these let us pass without comment. But now behold the great

Roman Forum, divided into *Basilica Æmilia* and *Basilica Julia*; the former now underground, the latter open to heaven. Around this spot is centered our greatest interest as we reflect on the glorious deeds once enacted here, and the mighty men who here have played their part, but have long ago made their exit from this world's stage. Happily for us, it is true that all the good they did has not been interred with their bones, and along with much evil there has been handed down from them to us in these latter times, much that is to be admired and imitated. What a strange feeling comes over one when gazing dreamily on these ancient ruins! Here it is that the incomparable Cæsar was basely murdered by the loyal but misguided Brutus and his less worthy followers; here that the stern unflinching Cato hurled his keen philippic against rival Carthage; here that Cicero, the great and good, enthralled the listeners by the magic spell of his eloquence. But now all that is over: the crumbling stones and creeping lizard tell of nought but desolation and decay. Those walls once sounding with the forensic eloquence of Rome's mightiest orators and statesmen, which listened once as the fate of kings was trembling in the balance, now echo nothing better than the dismal hoot of the midnight owl—notes sadly consonant with the cry sent forth by the surrounding desolation which eloquently speaks of the vanity and transiency of all human dignity and glory! The *Arch of Severus*; the *Temples of Jupiter and Saturn*; the *Wall of Caligula* on the Palatine Hill, where the *Palace of the Cæsars* was, formerly connected with the Capitol by a wooden bridge; the *Capitol* itself, at the end of the Forum, now so much changed from the glorious ancient citadel:—these all have the same sad tale to tell. The iron constitution, the military despotism, the mythological worship, the constructive energy, the forensic tact of Rome are gone—for ever.

Not far from these ruins stands the infamous *Turpeian Rock*—where many a criminal wretch, and many an innocent man, have been hurled headlong. But to such an extent has the rubbish beneath accumulated, that a fall from the Rock now would be no great ca-

lamity. Near at hand, too, is the *Martine Prison*, where Catiline's accomplices were strangled during Cicero's Consulship. The bottom cell could only be entered by dropping from a hole in the roof, so that, once in, the prisoner could never hope to escape unaided from his horribly dark dungeon. St. Peter is reported to have been confined here, and a hole in the wall is shown which the Apostle's head had knocked in it as he descended the stairs! Now we all know that Peter was a pretty hard-headed man, but not so hard as this; he was impetuous, but not likely after all to use his head as a battering-ram! We know he was *head-strong* enough at one time, but not that he was so strong-in-the head as to knock a large hole in a massive prison wall! But such is the tradition, so we *must* believe it.

After visiting an *Academy of Arts* and finding the Pantheon closed against us, we drove up the *Janiouline Hill* (modern Granicolo), once fortified by Ancus. From its summit we had a survey of the entire city, and from a point of view wholly different from the Pincian. Getting beyond the walls by the *Porta Pancrazio*, by which the French entered in 1849, and which the Italians also smashed last week, we drove round some distance till we re-entered by the *Piazza of St. Peter's*, which pictures have rendered so familiar to all. Fronting us in the centre stands the mighty Dome, towering aloft in the azure Southern sky; on both sides of it are the splendid rows of pillars which form a sort of semi-circle, giving shape to that end of the piazza. In the centre of the spacious square, a lofty obelisk is reared, brought from Egypt at the instance of Caius Caligula. Superb fountains playing on both sides of it, give cheerfulness and quiet beauty to the scene.

Once more we entered St. Peter's itself, which I shall not attempt to describe. Words, however much better than any at my command, could never at all realize the picture to one who has not himself seen it. The marble floors and walls, the splendid roof, the magnificent statuary, baffle description. The general effect is in the highest degree sublime. St. Paul's, London, cannot be compared with it for size or splendor. Peter is, of course, the presiding genius

of the place. There are statues of him everywhere, with the keys of hell and of death—which Romanists have committed to his trust. Round the dome and along the walls are inscriptions of an appropriate kind, in Latin. Printed in huge characters, they cannot fail to catch the eye. One of the most prominent is the misapplied passage—"In es Petrus," &c. "Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church." Keys and mitres are seen without number. In the end of the Church is St. Peter's chair, a very massive one, held up in the hands of four sturdy Bishops. Were the bishops alive, their efforts to "support the chair" would doubtless be less unremitting! The monument erected by Canova to those staunch papists, the *Stuarts of Scotland*, is beautiful and strangely interesting; and also the statue of the Virgin and Dead Christ, chiselled by the youthful hand of Michael Angelo, when he was only twelve years of age. The bronze statue of St. Peter receives much devotion from all true Catholic visitors. These seem to esteem it to be their duty to kiss the toe, which they certainly do most conscientiously, to the sad dismemberment of the poor Apostle, whose toe has in course of time been almost kissed away. Just as a continual dropping wears away stone, so a continual kissing seems to cause hard bronze itself to vanish and disappear. What a potency therefore is in a kiss! But some of the worshippers are remarkably wary as to how they proceed with their osculations. Thus one man whom we observed, first wiped the foot, then kissed it, and then spat upon the floor. Much good it had done him at least! The history of this so-called statue of St. Peter is peculiarly instructive, as illustrating the origin of the whole Romish system. Though the priest don't say so, this same statue was once the image of Jupiter Olympus, sent from heaven; but now the thunderbolt is removed from his hand, the keys have taken its place, and thus we have St. Peter to the life! The Pagan god has developed into the worshipped saint, in which capacity he receives as devout adoration as before. And what a gorgeous temple he has now! The building of his Basilica cost ten million pounds, and six million pounds a year are required to keep it up.

But now we betook ourselves to another temple, the most complete and important of all Rome's ancient temples—the *Pantheon*, temple of all the gods. So entire is its preservation, that the fine circular building, (though deprived of its silver roof, which covered the round central hole through which one can now see the canopy of heaven), remains very much as it was in days of old. Therefore it has been utilized, and converted into a professed temple of the living God. Again, a fitting emblem of the Romish Church; Satan's clever adaptation of ancient Paganism, baptizing it anew as Roman Catholic Christianity, thus changing the heathen temple into a Christian Church, and as truly, by his cunning devices, transforming the Church of God into a counterfeit,—a Pantheon of idols, saints, and images, after the perfect similitude of ancient idolatry. His habitual work is counterfeit, and here is his masterpiece. Among the objects of interest within the Pantheon, (which as a building is unique), Raphael's tomb was perhaps the chief. Here ended the day's sight-seeing.

Next day we took it milder. Our intention to see the shops in the morning was frustrated, as they were all shut, because of this being a fête-day. The Palazetto Borghese was also closed, so we directed our way to the *Corso*, or principal street of the city, where we inspected the grand *Church of San Carlo*. Thence we drove to the curious old *Temple of Vesta*, where once the Virgin priestesses kept the eternal fire burning in honor of the Goddess of the Hearth. The "eternal fire" is long since extinguished, and not even the ashes remain! The temple, whose construction dates two thousand years back, is a circular building surrounded by tall marble pillars.

We next saw the *Cloaca Maxima*, the great sewers or water conduits, which still testify to the enterprise which characterized the internal administration of Rome, even five hundred years before the time of Christ. They were strongly built of three arches, one within the other. The whole city was intersected with these subterranean passages, whose dimensions were such that Agrippa could navigate them in a boat while

superintending the cleansing of the sewers.

At a considerable distance from this, we came to the *Pyramid of Caius Cestius*, near the *Porta Paolo*. Entering the dark interior of this ancient structure, we saw the old frescoes painted on the walls eighteen centuries ago. Near by is the *Protestant Cemetery*, where not a few of our countrymen are interred. It is a calm and peaceful resting-place; but even here there was a guard of Italian soldiers. Among the graves, two were conspicuous: that of the youthful and talented Keats, (died 1826, aged 25), with the inscription he himself dictated: "Here lies one whose name was written in water;" and the grave of the still more talented and more unfortunate Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose ashes, after his remains had been burned at his own command, were deposited here 1822, in the 30th year of his age.

We next posted off to the Vatican, but no entreaties of ours could gain us an entrance; so we applied to the British Agent for the Foreign Office, and also to the British Consulate, in order to have their influence exerted in our behalf. At the latter we received some encouragement. The Consul, an affable old gentleman, said he knew the General of the army, and assured us of his best endeavors to gain admittance for us. But alas for all promotion by interest! We found next day, on calling at Palazzo Poli, that all the Consul's efforts had been as unavailing as our own. But while deploring the fact that we have been unable to see the Vatican Museum, we try to console ourselves by the reflection that we have been privileged to see Rome in circumstances of no ordinary historic interest. The remainder of Thursday was spent in the spacious *Borghese Gardens*. Several thousand troops marched past us there; their steady tramp, tramp, keeping time to the monotonous rattle of the kettle drums which were beat at intervals of a few hundred yards all along the line. Though consisting of only several regiments, the line seemed to us almost interminable. How difficult then is it to conceive of an army such as those which fought around Sedan not long ago! But the shades of evening were beginning to fall, so after enjoying a short walk in the

Pincian Gardens, and another view of the city stretched beneath, we returned to our hotel in excellent trim for a good *Table d'Hôte*.

Friday was again a comparatively idle day. The forenoon was spent in visiting the picture galleries of *Palazzo Barberini* and *Palazzo Borghese*. The latter is especially fine, though, to be sure, the number of madonnas, here as elsewhere in Italy, is somewhat tiresome. In the afternoon we had a last look of St. Peter's. Its beauties grow upon us the oftener they are seen, and some remain altogether undiscovered at first. Thus we did not observe till to-day the doves and olive-branches which adorn the whole interior of the edifice. The confessionals too had almost escaped notice. These are set apart for people of every kindred and tongue, English among the rest. We did not trouble "the praste," however. The door of the Ecumenical Council Hall was closed. And not only the splendor but the size of St. Peter's grows upon one. At first, such are its admirable proportions, the dome is somewhat disappointing. I mean the exterior. It does not in point of fact seem any higher than St. Paul's, London, though of course the difference is considerable, the dome of St. Peter's being fifty feet wider and sixty-four feet higher than that of St. Paul's. No doubt the ponderous structure of the Vatican ranged alongside, detracts a good deal from the apparent greatness of the Basilica. The superior size of St. Peter's is manifest in the interior, from marks on the floor indicating how far St. Paul's and Milan Cathedral respectively would extend. A considerable part of the six hundred and thirteen feet, which go to make up the entire length of the floor of St. Peter's remains over. The height of the cross on the top of the cupola is four hundred and thirty-five feet. So much for statistics. The rest of the day was pleasantly spent among the Roman shops, where we provided ourselves with various appropriate souvenirs. And then on

Saturday, leaving Hotel Allemagne in Via Condotti, where every attention is paid to the comfort of travelers, we drove to the station, and soon, bidding adieu to Rome itself, were steaming along the bleak and sandy crest—northward Ho!

Fedele.

Among the Alban hills, which are situated some miles from Rome, a lad was tending his father's goats, when his eye caught the glitter of arms in the distance, and he knew at once that the King of Etruria, who had threatened to make war upon the Roman republic, was about to carry out his threat. Without waiting to communicate with his friends, he set off at the top of his speed towards the great city, to warn its inhabitants of their danger.

Lithe and active, the little brown mountaineer went bounding down the slopes, and across the wide marshy plain, strewn with huge fragments of rock, and intersected by sluggish streams and reedy morasses, amid which the red-eyed buffaloes lurked. On he sped, as fast as his sinewy legs would carry him, but he had a long way to go; the sun was scorching—there was no pleasant shade of leafy trees to shelter him from its fierce glare, nor any sweet cool water to refresh him, for all about it was unfit to drink, being brackish and muddy. Through a dreary desolate region he had to go. His limbs were ready to sink under him, his thirst almost intolerable; yet the lad's courage did not fail—he kept bravely on, and at length entered the city gate, through which he passed, and ascended the hill to the capitol, where the senate of the republic held its sittings. He was just able to whisper the fatal news; then he sank down, and complained of a sharp pain in his foot, on examination of which it was found that a thorn had penetrated very deeply beneath the skin. It was necessary that this should be extracted, and the lad died under the operation. Grateful for such a noble deed of devotion to his country, the senate decreed that henceforth all their gate-keepers should come from Vitrochiano, the boy's native village, and that they should be called *Fedele*—the faithful.

How imperishable is the memory of a good deed! In the beautiful city of Florence there is a marble bust of this lad Vitrochiano, in the act of extracting the thorn from his foot; this is not strictly in accordance with historic truth—he was too much overcome by fatigue to attempt this.

The Sunday-School Department.

THE strength and results of three years' work of the Reformed Church in the United States are as follows:

There are 6 Synods, 45 Classes, 679 ministers, 1,367 congregations, 147,546 members, 90,383 unconfirmed members, 1,872 adult baptisms, 39,077 infant baptisms, 26,726 confirmations, 11,194 received by certificate, 120,436 communicant members, 2,319 excommunicated and erased from the roll, 5,154 dismissed by certificate, 14,126 deaths, 1,233 Sunday-schools, 89,828 Sunday-school scholars, \$207,476.32 benevolent contributions, \$1,328,314.95 contributed for congregational purposes, 178 students for the ministry.

In these 1,233 Sunday-schools we can count on an average 25 teachers and officers to each School, which would give us 30,825 Sunday-school workers. It would be interesting to have the aggregate report giving the whole number of books in the libraries, the whole amount of their contributions, and the number of teachers and of Sunday-school scholars confirmed. As the Sunday-school is one of the most important departments of Church work, would it not be well for the proper authorities to open a few more columns in the statistical tables of the Classes in order to secure such reports?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL Excursions and Pic-nics are engaging the minds of many Sunday-schools again. It is natural that young people, and older ones as well, in this pleasant season of the year, should seek innocent enjoyment on grassy lawns and in shady groves. Many thousands of little ones all over the country eagerly inquire, Will we have a Pic-nic? It is to be regretted that these out-door Sunday-school gatherings are sometimes perverted to improper uses. Plays damaging and disgraceful are indulged in. In some

sections Pic-nics are held on Sunday. Bands of music, special excursion trains, and other methods are resorted to, to gather a large crowd. Scenes of disorder and disgraceful commotion take place. And in the name of the blessed Sunday-school cause, the Lord's day is desecrated; the children witness examples of immorality, and are taught their first lessons in disregarding the law and institutions of God. If your School shall hold a Pic-nic, see well to it that it will be conducted in a manner suited for the religious benefit of the children and youth; and under no consideration allow your School to hold a Pic-nic on Sunday.

THE Scripture selections for the GUARDIAN Sunday-school Lessons from the first Sunday in July till the first Sunday in December, will be taken from the book of Judges. Our Sunday-schools ought to study the Old Testament no less than the New. It is expected that hereafter a part of the year will be devoted to one, and part to the other.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL has the following very musical paragraph on the house wren:

"His summer life seems to be more than half song. He will sing in the warmest noontide hours, when other birds are silent. He will sing on cloudy days, when others are moping. But perhaps his choicest, most gleesome, most musical melody, is sung after a shower, from the head of some tall weed, and beneath the rainbow. He sings for the pleasure of his wife. He sings for the instruction and entertainment of his numerous little family. Sometimes one sees him flying toward his nest with a very eager, busy look, as if occupied with some affair of vast importance; in another moment he is out again, perched on the same twig where you have often

seen him singing as if music were his only object in life. Nevertheless, he is anything but an idle creature, a regular busybody in fact, a great builder of nests, a very kind husband, and an excellent father to his comical little children, who cluster together full of fun and play, but rather helpless, and who are watched by their parents and fed by them long after they have left the nest. And, happily for us through all his family cares he sings away merrily beneath our windows, ever generous with his music."

"ONE DAY," says Bronson Alcott, "I called up before me a pupil eight or ten years of age, who had violated an important regulation of the school. All the pupils were looking on, and they knew what the rule of the school was. I put the ruler into the hand of that offending pupil; I extended my hand; I told him to strike. The instant the boy saw my extended hand and my command to strike, I saw a struggle begin in his face. A new light sprang up in his countenance. A new set of shuttles seemed to be weaving a new nature within him. I kept my hand extended and the school was in tears. The boy struck once and he himself burst into tears, and I constantly watched his face, and he seemed in a bath of fire, which was giving him a new nature. He had a different mood toward the school and toward the violated law. The boy seemed transformed by the idea that I should take chastisement in place of his punishment. He went back to his seat and ever after was one of the most docile of all the pupils in that school, although he had been at first one of the rudest."

INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—A Southern paper says: During the severe bombardment of Atlanta, a lieutenant of one of the Alabama regiments was surveying the lines, accompanied by two privates. Suddenly the well-known cry of "mind the shell" is heard, but rather too late, and, as the shell struck the parapet, the lieutenant and his two men jumped in one of the rifle-pits on the other side of the parapet, but had hardly reached his place of fancied security, when another cry is heard: "Lieut. mind the shell," as the shell bounded

from the parapet into the very pit where our three men were squatting. At that moment one of the privates, who was over his lieutenant, seeing the death-dealing missile reaching its explosive point, extended his arms over his officer and murmured, "Lieutenant, we are gone, but I may save you." These were his last words. The shell burst. One of the privates had a leg shattered, and the lieutenant held in his arms the mutilated body of the other, whose death had saved his life.

A BOY once found some nuts in a jar. Like all boys, he was fond of nuts, and was glad to hear that he might put his hand once in the jar, and have all the nuts he could then take out. He thrust his hand down the neck of the jar, and took hold of all the nuts he could. When his hand was quite full he did his best to draw it out of the jar. But the neck of the jar was small, and his hand was so full of nuts that he could not draw it out. He felt so sad that tears fell from his eyes. A friend near him told him to let go half the nuts. He did so, and then drew out his hand with ease. We shall find it so in life; men lose all if they try to get too much.

Which Loved Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing;
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said Rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

JULY 7.

LESSON XXVII.

1878.

Third Sunday after Trinity. Judges ii. 1-5.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD AT BOCHIM.

1. And an angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim, and said, I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I swore unto your fathers; and I said, I will never break my covenant with you.

2. And ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars: but ye have not obeyed my voice: why have ye done this?

3. Wherefore I also said, I will not drive

them out from before you; but they shall be as *thorns* in your sides, and their gods shall be a snare unto you.

4. And it came to pass, when the angel of the Lord spake these words unto all the children of Israel, that the people lifted up their voice, and wept.

5. And they called the name of that place Bochim: and they sacrificed there unto the Lord.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 1. Who came? Who is the *Angel of the Lord*? Whence did he come? Where is *Gilgal*? Where Bochim? To whom did he speak? In whose name? What three facts did he refer to in this first verse?

2. What were the people of Israel *not to do*? What is a *league with the inhabitants*? Who were those inhabitants? How about their *altars*? What did these represent? Was the religion of these first inhabitants to be rooted out? Why? Had the Israelites done the will and command of the Lord in the two respects referred to in this verse?

3. *I also said*—who? Would the Lord now

drive these idolatrous people out? What were they to be to the Israelites in the future? How as *thorns*? How were their idol gods to be a *snare* unto them?

4. What effect had the words of the Angel of the Lord upon the people? Did they feel that it was true what he said? See chapter i., where it is described how the old inhabitants of the land were allowed to remain. Now they are told this disobedience will tend to their hurt. Hence their sadness.

5. What did they call the place? What does *Bochim* mean? And what act of worship did they now engage in? Why, doubtless?

CATECHISM.

XXVII. *Lord's Day.*

72. Is then the external baptism with water, the washing away of sin itself?

Not at all; for the blood of Jesus Christ only, and the Holy Ghost, cleanse us from all sin.

73. Why then doth the Holy Ghost call baptism "the washing of regeneration," and "the washing away of sins?"

God speaks thus not without great cause, to wit, not only thereby to teach us, that, as the filth of the body is purged away by water, so our sins are removed by the blood and Spirit of Jesus Christ; but especially that, by this divine pledge and sign, He may assure us that we are

spiritually cleansed from our sins as really as we are externally washed with water.

74. Are infants also to be baptized?

Yes, for since they as well as the adult are included in the covenant and Church of God; and since redemption from sin by the blood of Christ, and the Holy Ghost, the author of faith, is promised to them no less than to the adult; they must, therefore, by baptism, as a sign of the covenant, be also admitted into the Christian Church, and be distinguished from the children of infidels, as was done in the old covenant or testament by circumcision, instead of which baptism was instituted in the new covenant.

1. Pardon'd through redeeming grace,
In Thy blessed Son revealed,
Worshipping before Thy face,
Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield.

2. Thou the sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through Thy Son;
Quicken us in Him to live;
Lord, in us Thy will be done.

3. By the hallowed outward sign,
By the cleansing grace within,
Seal, and make us wholly Thine:
Wash, and keep us pure from sin.

4. Called to bear the Christian name,
May our vows and life accord,
And our every deed proclaim
"Holiness unto the Lord!"

COMMENTS—The history of the Jews as the ancient chosen people of God carries with it everywhere a strong interest to all thoughtful persons. In a general way, it abounds with instruction. But in addition to this, its relation to the kingdom of Christ is such that it stands out as one continuous symbol, both of the history of this kingdom and of the life of the individual members of it. What has been thus will be again, if not in outward form, yet in inner principle and consequent results. So throughout in the Lesson before us, as we shall see in studying it.

1. *The Angel of the Lord.* See also Genesis xxii. 11 and 15, where the Angel of the Lord appeared unto Abraham; and Exodus iii. 2, where he appeared to Moses "in a flame of fire, out of the midst of a bush." Angels are *messengers* sent by the Lord. In our Lesson, as in the cases quoted, the Angel is a special messenger sent to make known the will of God. He speaks in the name of the Lord. At *Gilgal*, a place near Jericho, the first encampment of the Israelites had been, and there a memorial of twelve stones had been set up, commemorating their crossing the Jordan. It remained for centuries the great place of the nation's assembly (ix. 6 and x. 6, 43). Here the Tabernacle was pitched until it was removed to Shiloh (xviii. 1). And here the Lord had been consulted formerly by the High Priest. *Bochim* means *weeping*, or the weepers. Here the people now seem to be encamped. Hence the Angel of the Lord comes to this place and meets the people, to deliver unto them the message of God. It is nowhere else mentioned in Scripture. It was situate north of Gilgal. The message was doubtless delivered to the High Priest, to whom the Lord revealed Himself; and he delivered it to the assembled people.

2. In the foregoing verse, stress is laid on the fact, that the Lord had brought Israel out of Egypt and given them the land in which they now dwelt; not their own wisdom nor their own might. And His "Covenant" with them was one which *He* would "never break." But now how about the *conditions* on which this all rested? These are here enumerated—at least those which are of immediate concern. The Israelites were

to make "no league with the inhabitants of this land," and to "throw down their altars." Respecting these two matters, the Lord says, "Ye have not obeyed my voice," and asks, "Why have ye done this?" "A league" in this case is equivalent to a treaty, or arrangement, or agreement. The *altars* were the emblems of their religion, and used for offering sacrifices to their idols, and so for perpetuating their idolatry. Plainly the Israelites had not fulfilled their part of the "Covenant" with the Lord their God. They stood guilty before His face.

3. *I also*—the language of the Angel here is as though the Lord Himself spake directly to the people. His words are the just sentences they had earned for not being true to their calling and their covenant with God. They had left the idolaters and their altars in the land; they were to suffer the consequence of this. The Lord would not interfere in this case to save them from their own folly. *As thorns* prick the body, so were these "nations" they had spared, to worry in the future their own national life. *A snare*, a thing to entrap, should the gods, the idols, of these heathen tribes be to their religious life. And all this the subsequent history of the Israelites abundantly verifies. The evil seed sown sprang up and bare fruit "after its kind." It is so always.

4. The message of God went home to the hearts of the people, who "lifted up their voice, and wept." *Lifted up* implies strong feeling. There was sorrow here for sin, and doubtless repentance. That was necessary, and acceptable to God, too. But the evil consequence remained. And that it always does with us, too, after sorrow and repentance for sin.

5. And now here at Bochim, the place where they *wept*, as the name implies, they "sacrificed unto the Lord." That complements in solemn religious form their penitence. Besides, wherever the Lord appeared unto them, there they "sacrificed." See Genesis xii. 7; xxviii. 16-22; Joshua viii. 30; Judges vi. 24.

Did not Satan find matter prepared within us, dry tinder fitted to his hand, he might strike in temptations long enough before one of his hellish sparks could catch or fasten upon us.

JULY 14.

LESSON XXVIII.

1878.

Fourth Sunday after Trinity. Judges ii. 11-15.

THE ANGER OF THE LORD.

11. ¶ And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalim:

12. And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and followed other gods, of the gods of the people that were round about them, and bowed themselves unto them, and provoked the Lord to anger.

13. And they forsook the Lord, and served Baal and Ashtaroth.

14. ¶ And the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he delivered them into the hands of spoilers that spoiled them, and he sold them into the hands of their enemies round about, so that they could not any longer stand before their enemies.

15. Whithersoever they went out, the hand of the Lord was against them for evil, as the Lord had said, and as the Lord had sworn unto them: and they were greatly distressed.

QUESTIONS.

In our last Sunday's lesson, we had the *warning* of God to the people of Israel (verses 1 to 5). Here now we have the manifestation of His anger in allowing them to be punished for their misdeeds.

Verse 11. What is said of the *children of Israel*? In what did the particular *evil* they did consist? Whom did they serve? What is meant by *Baalim*?

12. Did they also serve "the Lord God of their fathers"? When men once worship a false object, will they continue their worship of the true God? Do you remember what the Saviour says with regard to serving God and Mammon? Matthew vi. 24. Did "the people that were round about them," have many gods or idols? Why did the Israelites begin to worship these? To what did they provoke the Lord by this?

13. What leading idol deities are here mentioned? Baal represented—what? Ashtaroth—what?

14. What is said of the anger of the Lord in consequence of this? Is God jealous of His own honor? What does the first Commandment say (Exodus xx. 3)? Why should the anger of the Lord be provoked by their "following other gods," and "bowing themselves unto them"? What do you understand by the expression, "the anger of the Lord"? What is meant by the *spoilers*? Does said here mean that the Lord sold them, or allowed them to be sold?

15. Did the Lord, as He had formerly done, give them support and victory? *As the Lord had said*—where? See verse 3. What was now their condition?

CATECHISM.

XXVIII. Lord's Day.

OF THE HOLY SUPPER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

75. How art thou admonished and assured in the Lord's Supper, that thou art a partaker of that one sacrifice of Christ accomplished on the cross, and of all His benefits?

Thus, that Christ has commanded me, and all believers, to eat of this broken bread, and to drink of this cup, in remembrance of Him; adding these promises, first, that His body was offered and broken on the cross for me, and His blood shed for me, as certainly as I see with my eyes the bread of the Lord broken for me, and the cup communicated to me: and further, that He feeds and nourishes my soul to everlasting life, with His crucified body and shed blood, as assuredly as I receive from the hands of the minister and taste with my mouth the bread and cup of the Lord, as certain signs of the body and blood of Christ.

76. What is it then to eat the crucified body, and drink the shed blood of Christ?

It is not only to embrace with a believing heart, all the sufferings and death of Christ, and thereby to obtain the pardon of sin and life eternal; but also, besides that, to become more and more united to His sacred body, by the Holy Ghost, who dwells both in Christ and in us; so that we, although Christ is in heaven,

and we on earth, are, notwithstanding, "flesh of His flesh and bone of His bone;" and that we live and are governed for ever by one Spirit, as members of the same body are by one soul.

77. Where has Christ promised, that He will as certainly feed and nourish believers with His body and blood, as they eat of the broken bread and drink of this cup?

In the institution of the Supper, which is thus expressed: "The Lord Jesus in the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, take, eat; this is my body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me: After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, this cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death until He come."

This promise is repeated by the Holy Apostle Paul, where he says, "the cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? the bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? for we, being many, are one bread and one body; because we are all partakers of that one bread."

COMMENTS.—Joshua, the leader of the Israelites in their first conquest of Canaan, had died. No new leader at once arose and took his place. The High Priest was the spiritual head of the people, and as to other matters each tribe arranged them pretty much after its own liking. The people were weary of war, and longed for rest. So without fully driving out the old inhabitants, they made "leagues" or treaties with them, and allowed them to abide among them, as we have seen in our last lesson, verses 1-5. Then we also had the warning of the Lord with regard to this. Now in our present lesson we have the results legitimately flowing from that course of conduct.

11. *Evil.* That here particularly referred to is idolatry. But with the worship of idols went also the morality connected with that worship. With the change of religion came a change of moral life and conduct, and in each case a change for the worse. Thus the people were paving their way, unconsciously doubtless in large measure, for becoming corrupt. They began to undermine the sound moral and religious tone upon which their national prosperity depended. There was no need of adding another nation of the same kind as those around them. Their calling was to a higher position and a purer worship and life. From this they were departing. *Baalim.* This is the plural form of *Baal*, who was worshipped, like Jupiter at Rome, under different names, and as representing different characters or energies. Thus he went by the name of Baal-Semes, or Sun-god; Baal-Semin, or god of the heavens; Baal-Malkereh, or god of cities; also Baal-Peor (Numbers xxv. 3), Baal-Hermon (Judges iii. 8), from the places where worship was paid him. In Matthew x. 25, the Saviour refers to him under the name of Beelzebub. All this explains why in our lesson it is said they "served Baalim," or the many Baals.

12. *Forsook.* As the worship of Baal grew among the people, the worship of the Lord waned. As they took to Baal, they forsook the God of their fathers. That was likely not their first intention, but it was an inevitable result. The Lord God could not be worshipped, and Baal also. It was an impossibility to

combine the two inimical courses of life and faith. Baal represented nature and its powers in manifold forms. All heathenism, ancient or modern, ignorant or scientific, tends to this nature worship, and loses itself in the finite and the temporal. The spiritual, the divine, is ever above it. So the Israelites sunk from the higher to the lower; and from this lower to the still lower, namely, the world of evil, is a short step, easily taken. All history bears testimony to this fact. The Israelites were allured to this evil course by their neighbors, the nations they had left abide with them. The Lord, seeing this, was "provoked" to anger against them.

13. *Served.* Implying an actual devotion to the new worship. No simple toleration or simple occasional attendance for curiosity's sake. *Ashtaroth* represented the moon more especially. Among some other nations this deity appeared under the name of Astarte.

14. *Anger of the Lord.* God's strong displeasure, the feeling akin to our being angry for a just cause. So it is said, "God is angry with the wicked every day." *Hot.* Showing the height of the provocation. Much had God done for his people; much could He expect. Instead, however, they turned away from their high calling and from Him, and, so to speak, took to "wallowing in the mire." Hence the anger of the Lord was kindled and grew "hot" against them. Over against this very thing of worshipping false gods, it is declared in the second commandment (Exodus xx. 5), "I, the Lord, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

Spoilers. The Israelites became involved in troubles with the neighboring nations, which made war against them, and spoiled them of their goods, cattle, and whatsoever could be carried away. *Sold.* Partly by being compelled to pay tribute—heavy tax—to these nations, and partly by having many of their people carried away and sold as slaves,—a very common habit in ancient times. *Could not any longer stand.* Became helpless.

15. Hitherto the Lord had fought with them and for them. Now "the hand of the Lord" was no longer on

their side, because they had forsaken Him, and so their enemies prevailed. *The Lord hath said.* See verse 3. They now could appreciate what was meant by "the thorns in your sides," and that "their gods shall be a snare unto you." What had looked to them so promising and pleasant was now as the way to darkness and death.

An Incident in Alsace.

As soon as it was known in any village in Alsace, that the Prussians were coming, the inhabitants would flee in wild haste, as they had been led to believe the worst concerning the Prussian soldiers. In vain were all the efforts of the pastors to allay the fears of their congregations and prevent their flight. It happened, therefore, as the Prussians marched into the village of R., all the inhabitants had fled into the adjacent mountain forest. Below, the Prussian soldiers were marching into the town; above, stood the trembling people on the mountain. No one remained in the village but the pastor. He was immediately commissioned to bring the inhabitants back. In vain did he hasten to them and invite them to return. They remained on the top and side of the mountain, and looked with agonizing fears upon the Prussian host. What was to be done? The commanding officers would not use force against these poor, deceived people. He ordered forward the regimental bands of music, and commanded them to play the familiar German chorals, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*;" "*Was Gott thut dasz ist wohl gethan*;" "*Jesus meine Zuversicht*." [These hymns are translated and constitute Nos. 274, 504, and 195 of the Church-Book.] They did this with such effect, that the strains reverberated from mountain and valley. The Prussian soldiers joined their voices with the sounds of the instruments, and louder and still louder rose the strains. The people heard, and their terror gradually changed to courage and confidence. Nearer and still nearer approached the fugitives, and although they did not immediately join in the singing, yet they said: "People who sing our chorals, and who come to us with such sacred

hymns as these, will not harm us; they are flesh of our flesh." The good Alsatians were soon reinstated in their dwellings; and the aid which the Prussian soldiers, who were quartered with them, rendered them in their daily labor, the care taken by them of the children, and the correct bearing in their intercourse with old and young, soon won their fullest confidence, and left a very different impression on their minds from that which the enemies of Germany had previously made. It is by such acts as this that the hearts of the people of Alsace can be touched, and their union with the German State and German Church be effected in spirit as well as in form.—*Lutheran.*

"Better Take a Sheep Too."

A valued friend and able farmer, about the time the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence, said to his newly hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you, when I hired you, that I shall try and have my work done this year without rum. How much must I give you to do without it?"

"O," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it. You may give what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "in the fall I will give you a sheep, if you do without rum."

"Agreed."

"Father, will you give a sheep, too, if I do without rum?" asked the elder son.

"Yes, you shall have a sheep if you do without."

The youngest son then said, "If I do without, father, will you give me a sheep?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep too."

Presently Chandler speaks once more:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

The man was shocked—he saw that his little boy feared that his father was in danger of becoming a drunkard—he took a sheep, and abandoned all drinking of whatever might lead to drunkenness.—*Gleaner.*

JULY 21.

LESSON XXIX.

1878.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity. Judges ii. 16-23.

THE APPOINTMENT OF JUDGES.

16. ¶ Nevertheless the Lord raised up judges, which delivered them out of the hand of those that spoiled them.

17. And yet they would not hearken unto their judges, but they went a whoring after other gods, and bowed themselves unto them; they turned quickly out of the way which their fathers walked in, obeying the commandments of the Lord; but they did not so.

18. And when the Lord raised them up judges, then the Lord was with the judge, and delivered them out of the hand of their enemies all the days of the judge; for it repented the Lord because of their groanings by reason of them that oppressed them and vexed them.

19. And it came to pass, when the judge was dead, that they returned, and corrupted themselves more than their fathers, in following

other gods to serve them and to bow down unto them; they ceased not from their own doings, nor from their stubborn way.

20. ¶ And the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel; and he said, Because that this people hath transgressed my covenant which I commanded their fathers, and have not hearkened unto my voice:

21. I also will not henceforth drive out any from before them of the nations which Joshua left when he died:

22. That through them I may prove Israel, whether they will keep the way of the Lord to walk therein, as their fathers did keep it or not.

23. Therefore the Lord left those nations, without driving them out hastily, neither delivered he them into the hand of Joshua.

QUESTIONS.

16. What was now the condition of the Israelites as described in verses 14 and 15? And did the Lord turn entirely away from them according to the first verse in our lesson? What did these judges do? How many are referred to in this Book, called The Book of Judges? From whom did the authority, or right to govern, of these judges come?

17. Did they always obey these judges? Whose commandments had their fathers obeyed? Did they do the same?

18. When the Lord raised up judges, did He also support them? What led the Lord thus to help them? What does *repented* here mean? How came there to be *groanings* among the people?

19. When the judge died, what then? Do

they seem to have fallen into idolatry very readily? Is it yet easy to depart from the true worship of God? Between God's ways and their own ways, which did these Israelites choose?

20-22. How did the Lord look upon this conduct? What was the *covenant* here referred to? See Genesis xii. 1-3, and xxviii. 10-15. Had God kept His part of the covenant? Were they keeping their part? What threatening does He now repeat? For what would He use these *nations*? What do you understand by the word *prove* here?

23. What were the *nations* referred to? See chapter iii. 3 and 5. Into whose hands were they not delivered? Did the judges drive them out of the land?

CATECHISM.

XXIX. Lord's Day.

78. Do then the bread and wine become the very body and blood of Christ?

Not at all: but as the water in baptism is not changed into the blood of Christ, neither is the washing away of sin itself, being only the sign and confirmation thereof appointed of God; so the bread of the Lord's supper is not changed into the very body of Christ, though, agreeably to the nature and properties of sacraments, it is called the body of Christ Jesus.

79. Why then doth Christ call the bread His body, and the cup His blood, or the new covenant in His blood; and Paul the "communion of the body and blood of Christ?"

Christ speaks thus not without great reason, namely, not only thereby to teach us, that as bread and wine support this temporal life, so His crucified body and shed blood are the true meat and drink whereby our souls are fed to eternal life; but more especially by these visible signs and pledges to assure us, that we are as really partakers of His true body and blood, (by the operation of the Holy Ghost,) as we receive by the mouths of our bodies these holy signs in remembrance of Him; and that all His sufferings and obedience are as certainly ours, as if we had in our own persons suffered and made satisfaction for our sins to God.

1. In the name of God the Father,
In the name of God the Son,
In the name of God the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One;

In the name which highest angels
Speak not ere they veil their face,
Crying—Holy! Holy! Holy!
Come we to this sacred place.

COMMENTS.—A new period in the history of the Israelites takes its beginning. Joshua was dead. The High Priest was the only outward representative of the whole people. His voice and authority were heeded to but a limited extent. Idolatry was introduced, and all the direct evils that go with it. Frequent wars, great oppression, general disorder and misery followed. The people were fast losing their distinctive character, and going to destruction. In themselves, left to themselves, there was no hope,—no help.

Verse 16. The condition of the people was lamentable, truly. But the Lord still had compassion on them. So He raised up successively *Judges*—leaders and guides of the people, who should deliver them from their enemies, restore the true worship, and bring them back into the ways of their fathers. The period of the Judges runs full four hundred years, if we begin with Othniel, (chapter iii. 9), and close with Samuel; or from 1518 before Christ, to 1122 B. C. The following are the Judges, whose history is given in this book—twelve in number. Othniel, chapter iii. 9; Ehud, iii. 15; Shamgar, iii. 31; Deborah, iv. 5; Gideon, vi.—ix.; Thola, x. 1; Jair, x. 3; Jephthah, xi.—xii.; Ibzan, xii. 8; Elon, xii. 11; Abdon, xii. 13; Samson, xiii.—xvi. Some of these were simply warriors raised up to deliver their people from bondage. Others were lawgivers and administrators of Justice, well suited to restore order and establish obedience to law. Their call and authority was from God. Their office was a difficult one, involving many sacrifices and much nerve and heroism.

17. *Not hearken.* That was the trouble. Each one wanted his own way. God and His revelation was their bond of union; but both the one and other they forsook, and so they were out at sea. The Judges strove to bring them back into "the way which their fathers walked in," and to "obeying the commandments of the Lord." But the people very often "would not hearken unto their Judges." Their history throughout this period swings continually between efforts to do right and the strongest tendencies to go wrong.

18. *The Lord was with the Judge.* As He had called him, so He sustained

him. That lies in the nature of a divine call. Whoever is faithful to it will be upheld in whatever burdens or trials it brings with it. *Groanings.* An expression showing the sharpness of their sufferings and misery, under the yoke of those who "oppressed them and vexed them." *Repented the Lord.* In the sense of pitying. The Lord does not "repent" as men do, because He has erred or done wrong; but He pities or compassionates men and nations when in distress. The Israelites were in distress, and their oppressors were wicked, idolatrous; so He raised up Judges, and gave them victory over these.

19. *When the Judge was dead.* So long as he lived, it went well enough. When he died, the outward authority was removed, and the old evil habits and tendencies again obtained the upper hand. Somehow men will rather do wrong than right, unless the strong hand of law or a quickened religious conscience prevents. Men's own doings are commonly not according to God's law; and a *stubborn way* is almost sure to be a wrong way.

20-22. So every time a Judge died, they soon provoked anew the God of their fathers, and brought upon themselves His active displeasure. *The covenant which I commanded their fathers.* That is the covenant God had made with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and renewed it through Moses. See Genesis xii. 1-3; xxviii. 10-15; Exodus iii. 16-17. The Covenant was an agreement, as we may say, between God and these people. He had kept His part of it; they had failed in theirs, and were continually failing in it. Whenever He pitied and restored them, they soon lapsed back again. *The nations which Joshua left.* When Joshua, their great warrior-leader, died, the work of conquering the land was not yet complete; many heathen tribes were remaining, and to these the reference is. *Prove Israel.* Try, test, whether or not, the chance for going astray being at hand, they would be true or false, worthy or unworthy of their privileges. And this also holds true of individual men, and in our day. Evil surroundings "prove" us; show by the effect they have on us what we are made of, and what is in us, whether we really fear God or not.

23. *Those nations.* In chapter iii. 3 and 5, we have the names of these nations. None of these was great and powerful in the sense in which modern nations are, as the United States, Germany or England. They were rather tribes, inhabiting a limited territory, say as large as from one to three of our counties. They were all idolaters, and their morality was of a low order.

Good Advice to Young Men.

William Cullen Bryant once gave the following sensible advice to a young man, who had offered an article for the *Evening Post*:

My young friend, I observe that you have used French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that on searching, I have found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well.

Call a spade by its name, not a well known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home and not a residence; a place not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose an honest expression of meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak, and as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of pru-

dence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying bladders strange gases to breathe; but one will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

Sydney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is."

General Anderson.

The death of General Robert Anderson, some years ago, recalls an incident of his public reception in Philadelphia, just after his return from Fort Sumter. It was the first civic pageant offered in that city to any of the heroes of the war, of which he was the first officer to make a stand for the Union against the Rebellion. The street was ablaze with flags and banners, and every manifestation of respect and honor greeted the modest hero, as he passed through the enthusiastic throngs. The excitement was wonderful, and yet it was subdued with that tenderness which marked the sad opening of the great strife.

But it was not the military display, nor the civic honors, nor the popular demonstration, which most affected the soldier's heart as he rode along. He afterward told the gentleman who narrated it to the writer, that nothing so deeply touched him as the children, with their waving handkerchiefs, and little flags, and hearty cheers. He had been so long shut up in the forts of Charleston harbor, and surrounded by hostile people, and all the grim circumstances of the impending war, that the demonstration of the children moved him to tears, in the hour of his triumphal passage through the great city. Was not this a beautiful and characteristic sequel to his heroic defence of the old flag which he hoisted above Sumter, with prayer to the God of battles, and lowered to the enemy only when driven out by fire and famine? Childlike and Christian was he indeed.—*Christ. Intelligencer*.

JULY 28.

LESSON XXX.

1878.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity. Judges iv. 4-9.

DEBORAH THE PROPHETESS.

4. ¶ And Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time.

5. And she dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah, between Ramah and Beth-el in mount Ephraim: and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment.

6. And she sent and called Barak the son of Abinoam out of Kedesh-naphtali, and said unto him, Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, *saying*, Go, and draw toward mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Nephthali, and of the children of Zebulun;

7. And I will draw un'o thee, to the river Kishon, Sisera the captain of Jabin's army, with his chariots and his multitude; and I will deliver him into thine hand?

8. And Barak said unto her. If thou wilt go with me, then I will go: but if thou wilt not go with me, *then* I will not go.

9. And she said, I will surely go with thee: notwithstanding the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honor; for the Lord shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman. And Deborah arose, and went with Barak to Kedesh.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 4. What prophetess lived at this time? Whose wife was she? What office or calling is that of a *prophetess*? Did this calling generally belong to men or to women? From whom did the calling of prophet or prophetess come? What other office did Deborah hold in Israel?

5. Where did she dwell? Were palm-trees plenty in that country? Are we to understand that her house stood beside a noted palm-tree, or that she dwelt under the open heavens beneath the palm-tree? Where stood this palm-tree? In what part of Canaan was Mount Ephraim? What is meant by "she judged Israel?"

6. Whom did she send for? What seems to have been the office of Barak? What did she say to him was the will of the Lord revealed to her? From how many of the twelve tribes of

Israel were these ten thousand soldiers to be taken?

7-8. *I will draw—I will deliver—who will?* Who was Jabin? (See verse 2.) Who was commander or captain of his army? To what place would his army be led by the Lord? How many chariots of iron were in this army? (See verse 3.) What was the trouble between Jabin and the people of Israel? And what was the reply of Barak to Deborah?

9. What answer did Deborah give him? Was she timid or courageous? Should the *journey* be for Barak's honor or not? Why not? Into whose hand would the Lord *sell Sisera*? And who would get the credit, Sisera or Deborah? Who among these two was the one of weak heart and weak faith? How did the battle go? (See verses 14 and 15.)

CATECHISM.

XXX. Lord's Day.

80. What difference is there between the Lord's Supper and the Popish mass?

The Lord's Supper testifies to us, that we have a full pardon of all sin by the only sacrifice of Jesus Christ, which He Himself has once accomplished on the cross; and that we by the Holy Ghost are ingrafted into Christ, who according to His human nature, is now not on earth, but in heaven, at the right hand of God His Father, and will there be worshiped by us:—but the mass teacheth that the living and the dead have not the pardon of sins, through the sufferings of Christ, unless Christ is also daily offered for them by the priests; and further, that Christ is bodily under the form of bread and wine, and therefore is to be worshiped in them; so that the mass, at bottom, is nothing else than a denial of the one sacrifice and sufferings of Jesus Christ, and an accused idolatry.

81. For whom is the Lord's Supper instituted?

For those who are truly sorrowful for their sins, and yet trust that these are forgiven them for the sake of Christ; and that their remaining infirmities are covered by His passion and death; and who also earnestly desire to have their faith more and more strengthened, and their lives more holy; but hypocrites, and such as turn not to God with sincere hearts, eat and drink judgment to themselves.

82. Are they also to be admitted to this Supper, who, by confession and life, declare themselves infidels and ungodly?

No; for by this the covenant of God would be profaned, and His wrath kindled against the whole congregation; therefore it is the duty of the Christian Church, according to the appointment of Christ and His apostles, to exclude such persons by the keys of the kingdom of heaven, until they show amendment of life.

COMMENTS.—4. *Deborah, a prophetess.* A prophetess is a woman who has the gift of prophecy, or the power to foretell events that are to come to pass. This gift comes from God, and cannot be acquired by one's own effort, or delegated by the people. God selects and qualifies with supernatural insight such as He desires to be His prophets. Their enlightenment is not with respect to all future events, but only with respect to such of them as God desires to have made known to the people. Often however the person who is thus endowed with the prophetic gift, is also wise and good in a large degree, and consequently prominent and influential among his fellow-men. Hence the prophets in Israel during all this period were also *Judges*, as in this case of Deborah, and that of Samuel later on. It is to be noted that Deborah was a woman, and yet had the gift of prophecy; and women often are represented in the Old Testament as selected by the Lord for work of far-reaching consequences, as in the case of Esther. The offices of Prophet and Judge, however, were commonly entrusted to men.

5. *Palm-tree.* Presumably her house or tent stood under this palm-tree. Why is it mentioned here, that "she dwelt under the palm-tree of Deborah?" Palm-trees were not very numerous in that part of the country. This one was likely a noted tree; a sort of land-mark, well known, and often referred to among the people. It was in the northern part of the country, in Mount Ephraim, between Ramah and Bethel. *Came up to her for judgment.* The Israelites came to her to decide difficult or troublesome cases among themselves, and such, doubtless, as the elders of the several tribes could not satisfactorily arrange.

6. *Barak the son of Abinoam.* This Barak was evidently a military leader among the people in that part of the land. He was the man to send for, if an army was to be gotten ready and put in motion. We would call him a general. *Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded?* That is, God had revealed or made known unto her what she now tells Barak. *Ten thousand men;*—a large army, especially when we remember that they were all to be taken from the two tribes of Naphtali and Zebulun.

Very probably they were to be taken from these two tribes only, because this whole work was to be done as speedily and quietly as possible, and was not to be noised about, so that Jabin and his generals would know all about it, and prepare themselves accordingly.

7-8. *I will draw—I will deliver.* This was what God had said to her in the revelation, and she here repeats His words. It was not her own foresight she was explaining, but what was made known to her by the Lord. And He would bring victory to His people. *Sisera.* He was the general who commanded Jabin's army. According to verse 2, Jabin was "king of Canaan;" and according to verse 3, "twenty years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel." His army must also have been large, and in good fighting condition, "for he had nine hundred chariots of iron," which would be counted a formidable and splendid equipment in those days. Over against such an army, but for "the help of the Lord," the ten thousand of Israel would have been a handful, altogether helpless to deliver their people. This Barak felt, when he declined to muster his army unless Deborah would go with him.

9. *I will surely go with thee.* What a heroic woman this Deborah was, and what an unwavering faith in the Divine promise. That is victory half won already. She should have been the general, and the general her aid-camp. It practically came pretty much to this. *The journey*—that is, the march, battle and victory. She saw it all in one, with true womanly quickness of instinct and energy of feeling. *Shall not be for thine honor.* No, Barak would not be the real, though the nominal leader, and the people would know it. "Into the hand of a woman," into her hand the Lord would "sell Sisera," and his host. It is to the credit of Barak that he took the reproof in good part, and afterward led his army wisely and well under her general direction, as we infer from verses 14 to 16. The victory given was the answer to the penitence and prayer of the children of Israel, of which we are told verse 3. Their joy and thanksgiving is expressed by Deborah and Barak in a hymn of exultant joy and praise, which is recorded in the next chapter.

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